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Our Mexican Conflicts

Including a Brief History of Mexico from
the Sixth Century to the Present Time

By

Rev. Thomas B. Gregory



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EARLY HISTORY OF MEXICO

THE earliest inhabitants of the country now called Mexico were the Toltecs, a branch of the Nahua Nation, the original home of which was the region known to them by the name of Aztlan.

Where Aztlan was is still one of the great unsolved problems of the students of early American history. It may have been located in the northern portion of Mexico, it may have been in what is now New Mexico, it may have been any one of a dozen other localities; all that we know with certainty is that it was northward of the Valley of Mexico. The balance of evidence is in favor of the hypothesis that Aztlan was the same as the present-day New Mexico.

It was in the Sixth Century that the Toltecs, impelled by causes that are unknown to us, left Aztlan and planted them-

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selves at various commanding points in the territory of Anahuac, the ancient name of Mexico.

Tollan, the present Julu, seems to have been the original seat and center of the Toltec power. It was at Tollan that the "Serpent Hill" was located, a point about which center so many of the Toltec legends and traditions.

It was about the year 1168, according to the Codex Ramirez, that the Toltecs abandoned Tollan and planted themselves further south in the Valley of Mexico, and in 1325 Mexico City was founded.

It was probably from Aztlan that the name of Aztec was derived, the cognomen by which the masters of the beautiful Valley of Mexico came to be known.

Ethnologically the Aztecs belong to the "Red" or "Indian" breed of men, and there is much to show that, along with the other branches of the same stock, they came from Asia, by way of Bering Strait, and gradually

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worked their way south toward this final habitat in the Land of the Sun.

It may be interesting to learn that their capital, Mexico City, called by them Tenochtitlan, was a place of no mean proportions, having some three hundred houses and a population of at least one hundred thousand. Should there seem to be a difficulty about the small number of habitations as compared with the population, it may be said that the houses were very large, some of them being capable of caring for a large number of people. When the Spaniards took the city, for instance, their entire force, four hundred and fifty strong and a thousand Tlascalan allies, were all accommodated in a single dwelling.

Politically, the Aztecs were a Confederacy of tribes, dwelling in pueblos, governed by a council of Chiefs, and collecting tribute from the surrounding regions. Says Fiske, our very highest authority on the subject: "What has been called the 'Empire of the Monte-

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zumaz' was in reality a Confederacy of three tribes, the Aztecs, Tezcucans and Tlacopans, dwelling in the large pueblos situated very close together in one of the strongest defensive positions ever occupied by Indians."

Continuing, Fiske assures us that the Aztec Confederacy was essentially similar to the sway of the Iroquois Confederacy over a great part of the tribes between the Connecticut River and the Mississippi. It was simply the levying of tribute—a system of plunder enforced by terror. The notion of an immense population groaning under the lash of taskmasters, and building huge "palaces" for idle despots must be dismissed.

In civilization the Aztecs belonged, at the time of the Spanish Conquest, to what is known as the "Middle Status of Barbarism; one stage higher than the Mohawks and one stage lower than the Warriors of the Iliad." Instead of being, as Draper claimed for them in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," the moral and intellectual superiors of the



IN THE CLIFF PALACE CANYON

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Europeans of the Sixteenth Century, the Aztecs were still well within the confines of Barbarism. They were cannibals; their religion, if religion it may be called, centered around the worst form of human sacrifice; and in political science they had advanced no further than the tribal system found among the Iroquois at the date of the arrival of Columbus. Says Fiske: "There is an increasing disposition among scholars to agree that the Warriors of Anahuac and the Shepherds of the Andes, were just simply Indians, and that their culture was no less indigenous than that of the Cherokees or Mohawks," and from this verdict there seems to be no way of escape.

It was in the memorable year, 1519, that the Spaniard Cortez broke into the Aztec Country. There is nothing in the literature of pure romance to equal the solid facts clustering around the expedition of Cortez. With four hundred and fifty men the Spaniard set out from Vera Cruz to conquer an empire

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of unknown proportions and power,—and he succeeded.

Early in March, 1519, Cortez landed at Tabasco, found the natives unfriendly, defeated them in a sharp skirmish, seized a fresh stock of provisions, and proceeded to San Juan de Ulloa, whence he sent messengers to Montezuma with gifts, and messages as from his Sovereign, Charles V.

Then, after scuttling his ships, so as to make retreat impossible, he struck out from Vera Cruz for the City of Mexico. His little force of four hundred and fifty men, six small cannon and fifteen horses, might well have seemed an inadequate machine for the Conquest of Mexico, but there is nothing like courage and self-confidence, and in those magnificent qualities Cortez was rich above most of the men of whom we have any knowledge.

It was on the 16th of August that Cortez started from Vera Cruz on his famous march toward the Aztec Capital. Before he had penetrated very far into the interior he was

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met by some 20,000 Tlascalans, whom he routed without much effort, and then bringing his diplomacy to bear upon them he persuaded the Tlascalans to become his allies. His further advance was unchecked, and in due time he arrived in sight of his goal—the Capital City of the Montezumas.

To his utter astonishment Cortez was received by Montezuma with kindness and hospitality—a reception for which he was to return a strange sort of reward. The first care of the invader was to fortify himself in one of the “palaces” of the King, for the idea struck him that he was in great danger, notwithstanding the cordiality of his reception.

More and more impressed with this conviction, he conceived, and promptly carried out, one of the most daring projects revealed in history. Having repaired with his officers to the palace of Montezuma, he announced to the Sovereign that he must either accompany him or perish. Loaded with irons, Montezuma was made to acknowledge himself a vas-

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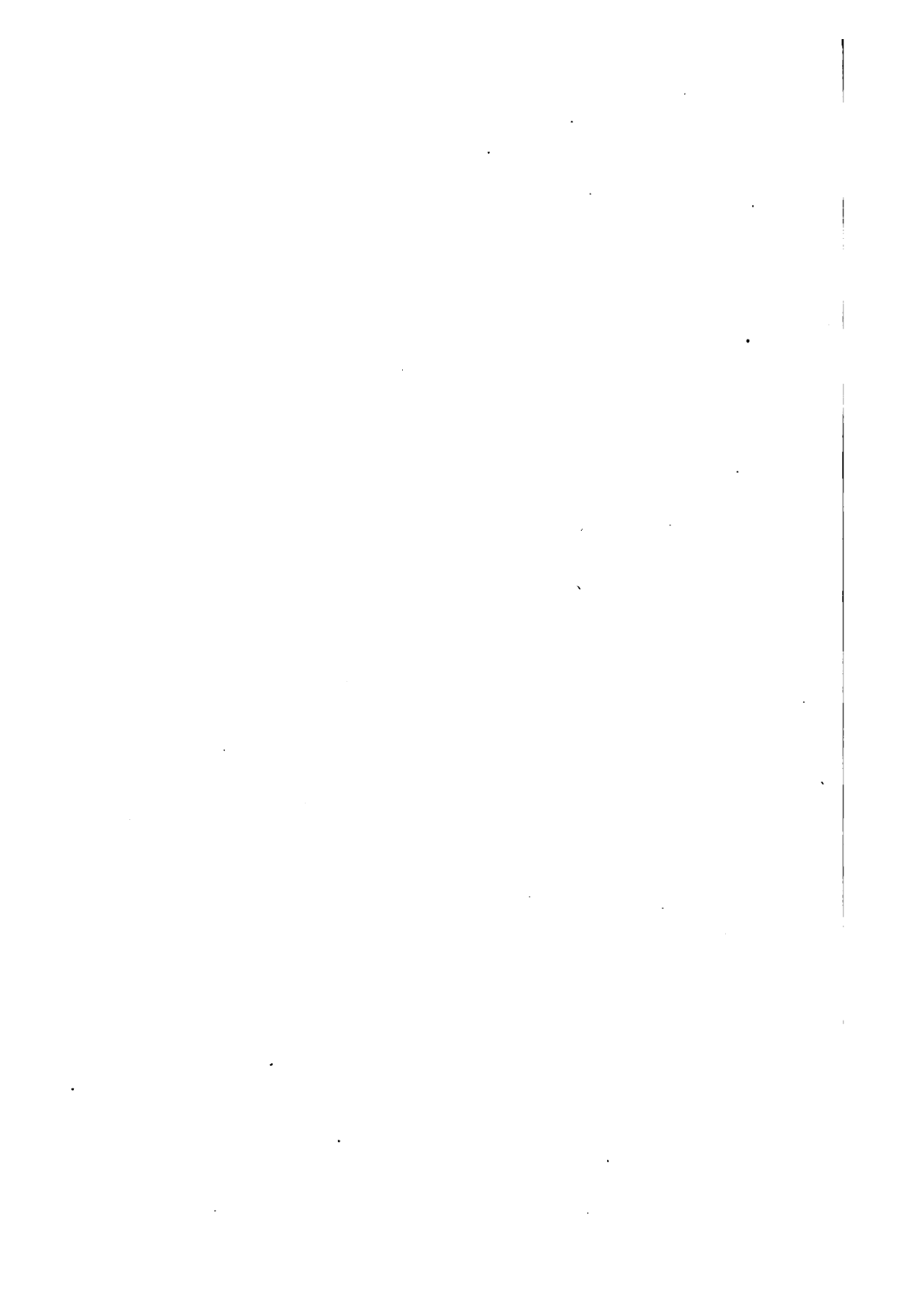
sal of the Emperor Charles V., after which he was restored to a semblance of liberty, but not until he had presented the conqueror with 600,000 marks of pure gold, and a prodigious quantity of precious stones.

Scarcely had this audacious business been transacted when Cortez learned of the landing at Vera Cruz of a Spanish Army under Narvaez, which had been sent by Velasquez to compel him to renounce his command. Leaving two hundred men in the City of Mexico, Cortez marched against Narvaez, defeated him and made him a prisoner.

Enlisting under his banner the men who had come to put him out of power, Cortez set out on his return journey to the capital. Upon his arrival, he found that the Mexicans had revolted against their sovereign and the Spaniards, and that he was in the midst of very great peril. Montezuma perished in the act of trying to pacify his revolted subjects; a new Head Man was chosen by the revolutionists, and the Spaniards were furiously at-



**AZTEC PRIEST SACRIFICING A HUMAN VICTIM TO THE
SUN**



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tacked. As the only means of escaping destruction the invaders decided to retreat. During the retreat their rear-guard was badly cut up, and for six days they suffered severely at the hands of the Mexicans, who pursued them in overwhelming numbers.

Elated with their success, the Mexicans offered battle in the plain of Otumba. This was just what Cortez wanted, and it proved their destruction. Cortez gave the signal for battle (it was on the 7th of July, 1520) and the victory that he gained settled the fate of Mexico.

Immediately after his triumph at Otumba, Cortez marched a second time against the City of Mexico, which, after a hard struggle of some two months, was retaken on the 13th of August, 1521.

Thus ended the political existence of the Aztec Nation, and from that famous Thirteenth of August, 1521, Modern Mexico begins. With that date the native history of Mexico abruptly and forever ends.

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The history of Spanish Mexico—from 1521 to 1821, that is, from the conquest of the country by Cortez to the recognition by Spain of Mexican independence—is soon told. The Spanish administration was marked by few stirring events. Warlike expeditions and civil strifes were of infrequent occurrence. “New Spain,” as it was called, was simply a monopoly that was worked for all it was worth for the enrichment of the privileged classes who squatted down upon the country either in person or by proxy in the shape of their agents. The Spanish rule was easy, apart from the greed for gold, and among neither the European stock, the Creoles, nor the Indians was there for a long period any sign of discontent.

But gradually the spirit of revolt began to show itself, and the long-smoldering discontent broke out, in 1810, with the revolution that was headed by Don Miguel Hidalgo. After Hidalgo’s defeat the struggle was continued by Morelos. Morelos was defeated and executed in 1815—the year of Waterloo—but



CORTEZ IN THE BATTLE OF OTUMBA

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a guerilla warfare kept the revolutionary feeling alive till a fresh stimulus was given to it by the Spanish Revolution of 1820. Under the leadership of the "Liberator" Iturbide, Mexican independence was again proclaimed on February 24, 1821, and the same year the capital was surrendered by O'Donaju, the last of the Viceroys.

From 1821 to 1835 there is nothing of consequence to relate. In the latter year lots of ginger was put into Mexican history by the secession of Texas and the Texan fight for independence; and still more ginger came with the war between Mexico and the United States in 1846-47, but inasmuch as these matters are fully dealt with elsewhere in this volume, it is quite unnecessary to dwell upon them here.

Passing over these affairs, then, the history of Mexico may be resumed at the very interesting point where the ill-fated Austrian Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian comes upon the stage.

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MAXIMILIAN AND JUAREZ

Astrology may or may not be a true science, there may or there may not be "good" and "evil" stars, but if there are then surely Maximilian was born under the worst star that ever twinkled over one's nativity. And the man's life-story is all the more tragic from the fact that he was in no way responsible for the misfortune that came upon him.

The Mephisto of the melancholy episode was the "Man on Horseback," Napoleon the Third, sometimes called "Napoleon the Little" to distinguish him from Napoleon the Great. The roots of the tree of history reach far back into the past, and hence the fruitage of to-day often draws its vitalizing sap from the distant years. Napoleon III was a Frenchman of the Frenchmen, a thorough-going Latin, with all of the Latin predilections and reveries, and because of this fact his Majesty was fond of flirting with the fancy of a Latin Empire in Mexico, to off-

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set the influence and prestige of the mighty Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth to the north of it. Were not the French beaten by the Anglo-Saxon breed in the dramatic struggle for supremacy on the North American Continent, and would it not be a fine thing now to establish a Latin dominion on that same continent?

“It would be a charming thing to do,” thought Napoleon, “and now is the time to do it. The Mexicans are up to their necks in revolution and the United States has the struggle of its life on its hands. The South will put nothing in my way, and as for the North, it has all that it can do to keep the Southerners from beating them and splitting the nation in twain. Now is my time to act.”

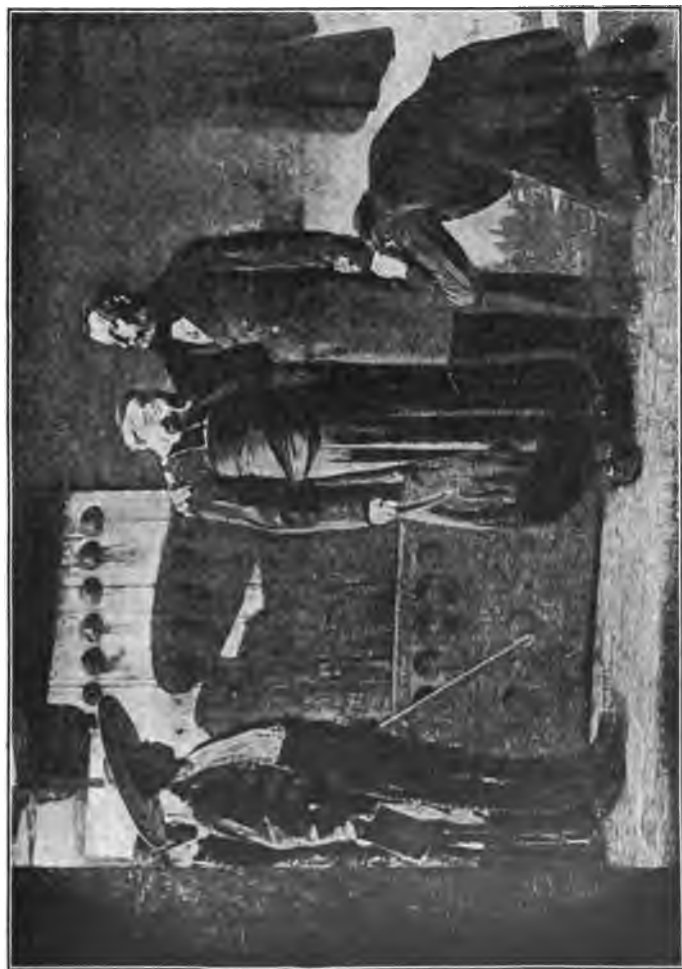
It was in the year 1862, when the United States was in the midst of its death grapple with the veterans of Lee and Jackson, that the first instalment of French troops were landed on Mexican soil; and by May of the

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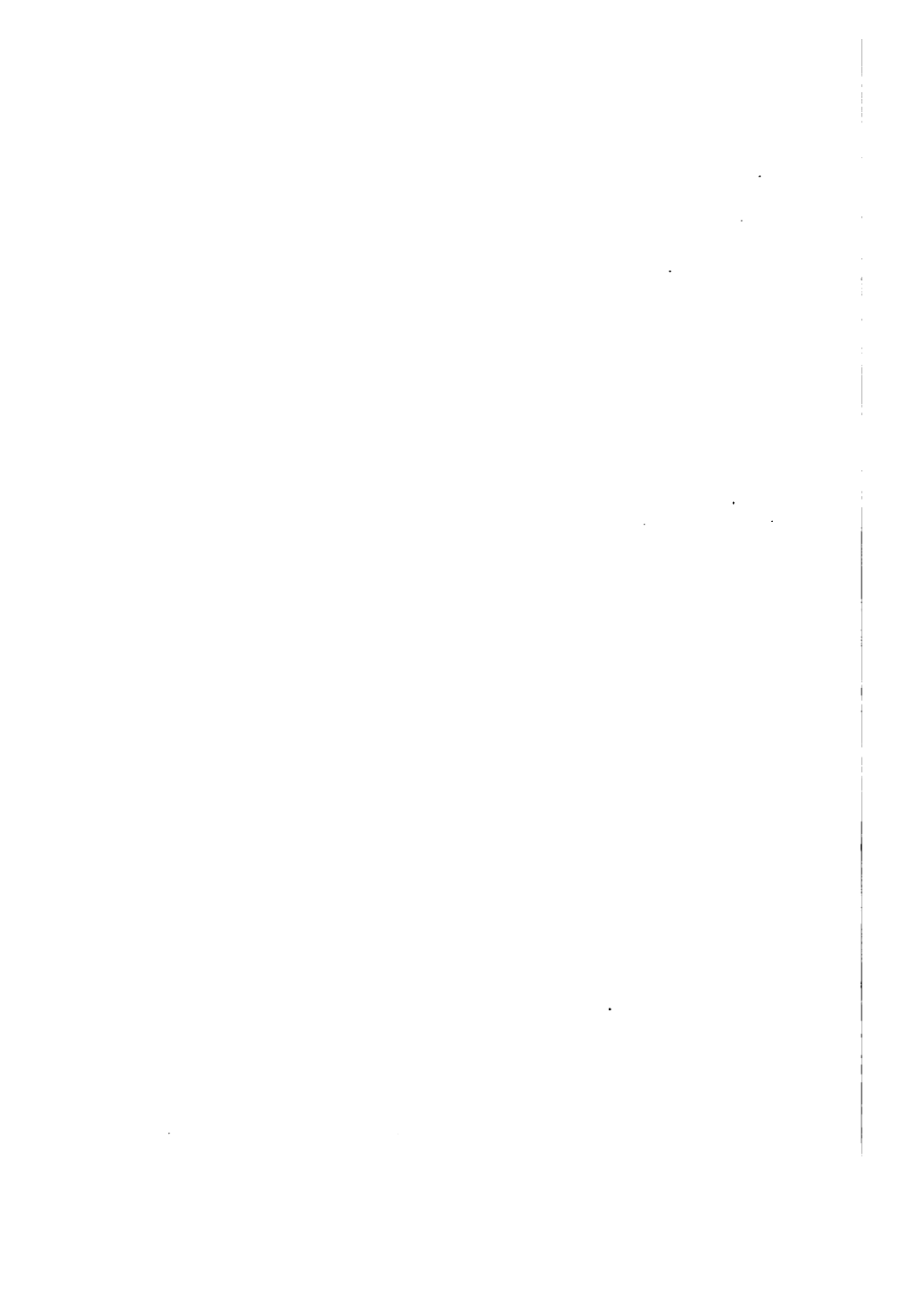
following year (1863) the Emperor's forces, under Marshal Bazaine, were ready for the march to Mexico City. On the fifth of June the victorious French entered the capital, and the first act in the drama was successfully pulled off.

An "Assembly of Notables," made up wholly of Napoleon's creatures, met in the city and voted to establish a "limited hereditary monarchy, with a Roman Catholic Prince as Emperor."

Of course, the whole thing had been "in soak" for months, and the "Emperor" had even been selected. Such being the case, it was not strange that Maximilian, when invited to accept the high honor, modestly consented. Later on, he was met by the deputation at Mirama and formally offered the crown. He decided to take the royal bauble, and on May 29, 1864, the Emperor and Empress landed at Vera Cruz. On the 12th of June the royal pair entered the City of Mexico, where they were, with all due ceremony,



MAXIMILIAN GOING TO EXECUTION



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installed into the high office which had so unexpectedly been thrust upon them.

But Maximilian's throne rested upon the arms of France, and when in 1866 the French soldiers were removed, he found himself face to face with Juarez, the purest patriot and greatest man that appears in Mexican history. Juarez, though a full-blooded Indian, was a man of extraordinary intellectual power, a born administrator, and as full of resources as an egg is of meat. Juarez fought Maximilian as Hannibal did the Romans, but with this additional result,—he won out. The heroic man, in the midst of innumerable difficulties, kept up the fight, and finally, after a siege of sixty-seven days' duration, recaptured his country's Capital city, reinstituted the Republic and earned the eternal admiration not only of all patriotic Mexicans but of the lovers of fair play all over the world.

Almost simultaneously with the entry of the Patriot forces in Mexico City, the innocent cause of all the trouble, the Emperor

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Maximilian, was shot. The Emperor died game, as was most becoming to him, for he was as fine a gentleman as ever breathed. Pure in his private life, generous and at heart just and merciful, he deserved a happier death. His one want was long-headedness. Had he possessed the far-sight in which he was so deficient, he would not have permitted himself to become the catspaw of the designing French Emperor. The true wisdom would have told him that the business must, of necessity, end in disaster and, in all probability, in death for himself and mourning for his house.

For quite apart from the improbability of his being able to hold his ground against the rank and file of an incensed people, upon whom he was thrust by a foreign will, there was the United States to be reckoned with, a power which, he might have known, would never permit its Monroe Doctrine to be scouted by the Crowned heads of the Old World.

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And that which would have been foreseen by any clear-headed man came to pass. After wearing out the matchless valor of the soldiers of the South, the United States Government gave Louis Napoleon clearly to understand that it would not be well for him to longer retain his soldiers upon Mexican soil, and taking the hint, the meaning of which he fully comprehended, he took his troops away—and the rest followed as naturally and inevitably as light follows sunrise. The Latin Empire fell like a house of cards, and the dream of the royal visionary went up in smoke.

It is hardly necessary to say that but for the War between the States the Maximilian episode would never have gotten into history. It would have “died a-borning” at a single stamp of Uncle Sam’s foot. As it was, with a struggle for our very national life upon our hands, we were obliged to wink at Napoleon’s iniquitous project, and to quietly endure his effrontery until such time as we

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should be able to meet him with effective arguments.

But all's well that ends well, and the impudent and most unrighteous scheme of Napoleon resulted finally in a way that was grateful to gods and men. The "Man on Horseback" died throneless and in exile, after being forced to drink deeply of the cup of humiliation, and his empire was transformed, by the common sense of the French people, into a Republic that promises never again to be duped by the wearer of a crown.

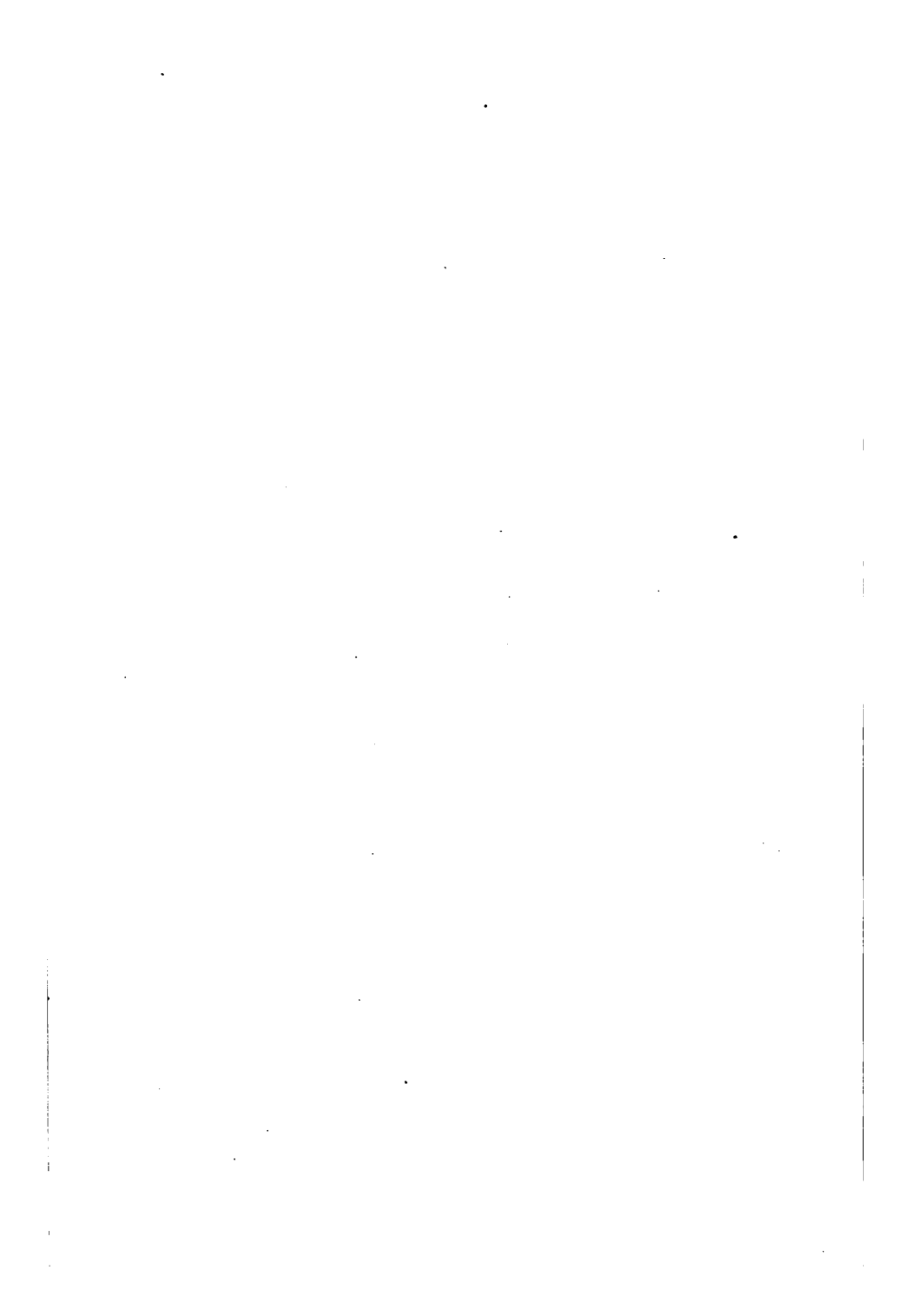
Mexico swung back to Democracy, and is now, by the stern logic of necessity, rapidly approaching the time when she will be a part of the United States of America, under whose just and benign guidance she will begin, for the first time in her history, to taste of the blessings of peace, liberty, and true progress.

And surely, it must strike everyone as being a most excellent idea, that the history of the Land of the Aztecs should end with annexation to the great Republic of Washing-

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ton. The gloom and horrors of the Cannibalistic Centuries preceding the Spanish Conquest; the even greater horrors instituted by Cortez, and his robbers; the stagnation of the long rule under the Spanish Viceroys; the perpetual agitation prevailing since the establishment of independence, would receive their fitting complement and fulfillment in physical and political union with the mighty people of the United States.

**Our Last War With Mexico
and the
Present Mexican Question**





UNITED STATES JACKIES FIGHTING IN VERA CRUZ

OUR LAST WAR WITH MEXICO

*How It Started, How It Was Fought, What
It Cost in Lives and Money and What
We Gained by It*

THE STORY OF TEXAS

I AM to write a complete story of the Mexican War of 1846-47—its causes, conduct and results—a true and faithful account of the things that led up to it; its battles and battle-losses; and the consequences of the memorable conflict, as summed up in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; so that readers may have a thorough understanding of that most important page of our American history.

Let it be understood, however, that no intelligible account can be given of the Mexican War without first telling the story

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of Texas. It was largely on account of Texas that the United States had its battle-clash with Mexico, and the Lone Star State must first of all receive our attention.

So far as we know, the first white man to gaze upon the broad prairies of Texas was the Spaniard Alonzo Alvarez de Pinedo, in the year 1519. Between 1540 and 1543 Coronado and De Soto may possibly have visited the region, but the earliest attempt at a permanent stay was not made until 1684, when the famous La Salle, of France, effected a temporary lodgment near what is now Matagorda Bay.

After La Salle's "flash in the pan," thirty-two years passed before the Spaniards planted themselves at San Antonio and St. Miguel de los Adalo. But these so-called settlements were little better than mission points, and when President Jefferson purchased the great province of "Louisiana" from Napoleon white men of any nationality



WESTERN HALF OF UNITED STATES, 1840 (VAN BUREN'S ADMINISTRATION)

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were few and far between from Texas to California.

THE TREATY OF 1819

When Jefferson made his stupendous real estate deal with the great emperor it was understood by the United States authorities that Texas was included in the deal, but, after long and acrimonious discussion, the United States, in 1819, in the treaty by which it acquired Florida, ceded to Spain and renounced forever its "rights, claims and pretensions" to Texas.

In the Fall of the year 1820 Martinez, Governor of the Province of Texas, was greatly surprised and shocked when a Connecticut Yankee rode into San Antonio and coolly requested that a tract of land be given to him as the site of a colony of Americans. The Yankee was Moses Austin, the "Father of Texas." While Austin was in the midst of his dickering with the Royal Governor, Mexico suddenly declared its inde-

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pendence of Spain, and, from the "Emperor" Iturbide, Austin got permission to settle with his brother Americans.

Slowly the Americans began to drift across the border, and by 1835 they numbered approximately 15,000. They were always ready to obey the laws which they themselves had made and which they understood, for that had been their custom, and the custom of their fathers, for many generations. But there was one thing they would never submit to—they would never submit to a race they regarded as inferior. They were industrious and brave, and their morality, on the whole, stood high. "The political conditions of their existence," says Rives, "were already difficult, and were certain to become more and more so, as the disproportion increased between the numbers and wealth of the colonists, on the one hand, and of the Mexicans on the other. On the side of the Mexicans was legal authority, backed by the distant government in the City of Mexico;

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on the side of the newcomers were industry, frugality, intelligence, courage. The struggle was inevitable."

THE CLASH INEVITABLE

The meeting of the Mexican Congress in January, 1835, helped along the inevitable clash. Barrazan, a servile tool of the unscrupulous Santa Anna, was declared President, with power to make any constitutional changes he "might think were for the good of the people." The despot proved to be the prince of reactionists, and under his evil guidance what had been barely endurable became positively unbearable.

Immediately the men of American blood resolved to rise against the mock government, and on November 7, 1835, a unanimous declaration was adopted setting forth that the people of Texas had taken up arms in defense of their rights and liberties which were "threatened by encroachments of military despots," and in defense of the "repub-

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lican principles" of the Constitution of 1824.

Of course, the Central Government got busy at once, a Mexican army was sent into Texas, its commander, Ramfrez, receiving from Santa Anna the significant hint: "YOU KNOW THAT IN THIS WAR THERE ARE NO PRISONERS."

The battle was on, and there was about to be written the story that will thrill men's souls forever!

In all the annals of all the ages there is no name more glorious than that of the "Alamo," a name that is forevermore to be the watchword of lovers of liberty the world over and the ages through. Human valor and courage never mounted higher than they did in that Alamo fight, and in the very forefront of the real heroes of history will always stand Crockett, Travis, Bowie and the less known but equally brave men who died with them in that hallowed pile.

For a long time the hundred and eighty

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Texans held their own against the four thousand Mexicans. Finally, well-nigh decimated, the bleeding remnant consented to surrender, upon the solemn promise that they should be treated according to the usages of civilized warfare; and seeing, after they had made ready to lay down their arms, that the agreement was not to be kept, they fought till they died, and they died to a man.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

The massacre of the Alamo only put fresh courage into the hearts of the Texans, and with "Remember the Alamo!" as their slogan, they met Santa Anna and his Mexicans upon the immortal field of San Jacinto, close by the present enterprising city of Houston, and gave them the worst thrashing that any army ever received on a battlefield.

The Texans, under grand old Sam Houston, numbered eight hundred, the Mexican force being about twice that figure, and what



THOMAS JEFFERSON

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happened is concisely told in Houston's report to the Governor of Texas: "Mexican loss six hundred and thirty killed, two hundred and eight wounded, and seven hundred and thirty prisoners—against a Texan loss of two killed and twenty-three wounded."

Notice the wonderful disparity between the killed and wounded on the Mexican side—more than three killed to one wounded; when the ordinary rule, even in hotly contested fights, is five wounded to one killed.

Evidently those Texans "meant business" when they went out to meet Santa Anna that morning. Nearly every Texan killed his man, to say nothing of the wounded and prisoners. Only thirty-two of the sixteen hundred Mexicans got away.

If the whole story of war is able to show a smarter battle than the Texans put up at San Jacinto, will someone be kind enough to point out the time and place?

San Jacinto made Texas a free Republic, and the "Lone Star Flag" took its place

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among the other banners of the independent nations.

TEXAS IN THE UNION

It was already "manifest destiny" that Texas was to become a part of the United States, a member of the great political sisterhood to which, in all essential ways, she was so nearly related.

But politics, especially that part of it which revolved about the exciting subject of slavery, kept the Texan overtures to us at arm's end for a long time. Almost immediately after the establishment of her independence the young Republic knocked for admission to the Union, but time and again the door refused to open.

Finally, however, Congress, ashamed of its delay, invited her to come in, and on February 16, 1846, J. Pinckney Henderson was elected Governor, and a month later Sam Houston and Thomas J. Rusk took their seats in the Senate of the United States.

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It was a prize such as seldom comes to any nation—a magnificent territory 57,000 square miles larger than the whole German Empire, larger than all Europe, with Sweden, Norway, Holland and Belgium thrown in; an empire, in fact, capable with its magnificent resources of taking care of a population of a hundred million souls. Germany already has 68,000,000, and Texas is richer than Germany.

It is no wonder that Mexico got wrathful over what she considered the theft of her splendid province. It was quite human and natural that she should have done so.

It would be a crime to close this chapter without calling the reader's attention to the far-sighted wisdom and rock-ribbed patriotism of President Polk. Polk has been placed by some of our historians among the small-caliber Presidents, and in brilliancy of intellect and dashing characteristics in general he was undoubtedly unworthy of comparison with some of the other men who have

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sat in the Presidential Chair; but in a quiet way he was as great as any of them—a man, in fact, of the most heroic mold.

As his secretary Buchanan kept at our Minister, John Slidell, to buy the disputed Texan territory, and not to forget to offer big inducements for the sale to us of California., He caused Slidell to be informed that money was no object, and that if we could do no better we would willingly pay \$25,000,000 for California alone.

Not without foundation was Polk's anxiety. Great Britain was moving heaven and earth to get hold of California, and the disputed region in Texas as well. Our envoy was accordingly informed that he must exert himself to the utmost to checkmate England, and that the United States must have the territory no matter what the price was.

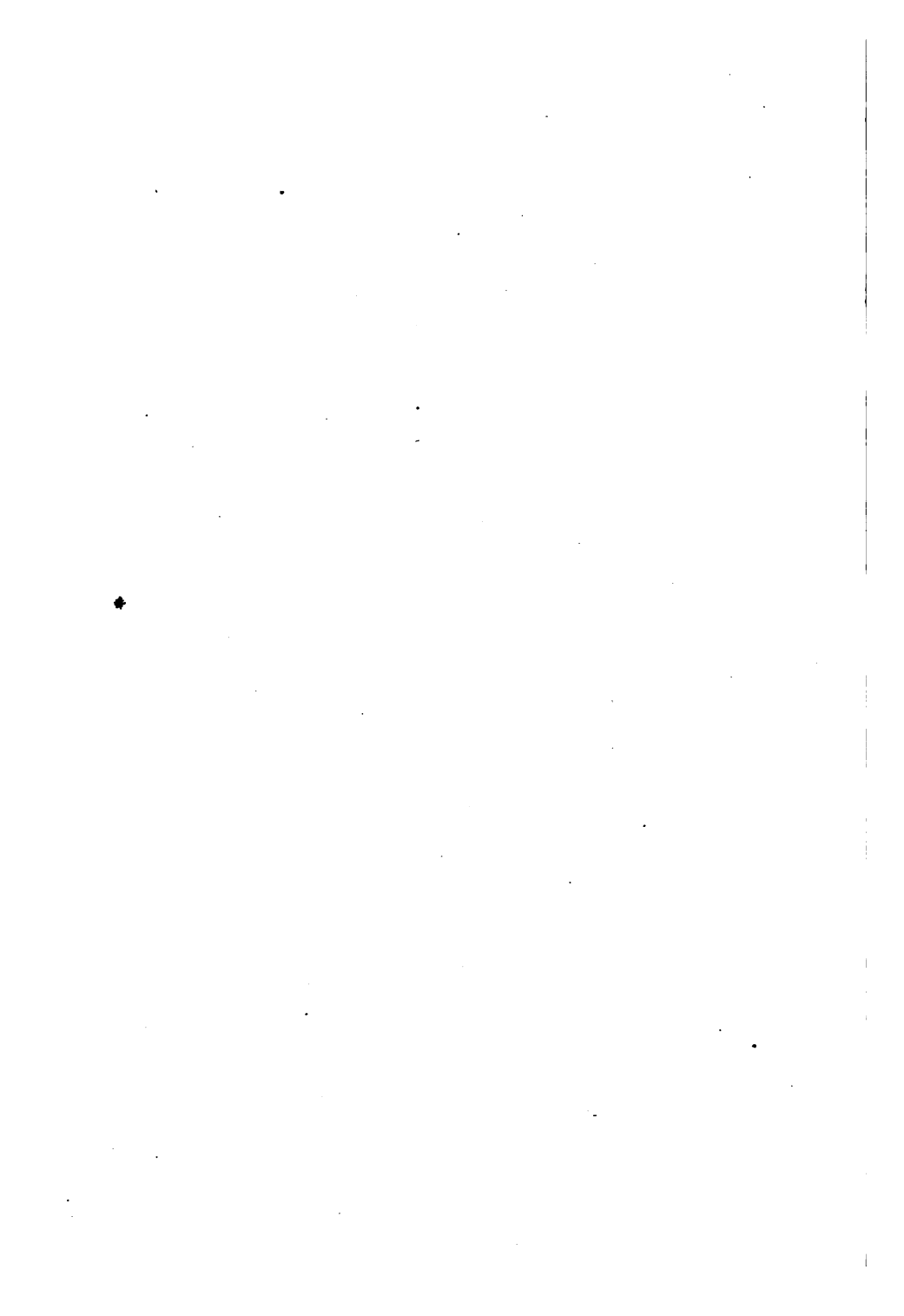
The supreme importance of Polk's anxiety, and the efforts born of that anxiety, may be seen at a glance. Great Britain was



SAM HOUSTON



DAVID CROCKETT



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eager to recoup herself for the loss of the Atlantic seaboard by getting the Pacific Coast; and, but for the tireless work of Polk, she would have succeeded. In that case we would have been forever blocked from the West, except at the cost of a bloody and expensive war.

That we are to-day the owners of the Pacific Seaboard is a fact that we owe to James K. Polk. The acquisition of the coveted territory was the pivot upon which his whole policy turned, and he rested not until he had achieved his high and worthy ambition.

Mr. Buchanan, a pure patriot and most excellent gentleman, was timid to the verge of cowardice, and withal, was a great stickler for peace, and if the matter had been left to him Great Britain would have obtained both Oregon and California, but Polk—called by the brilliant Whig orator, S. S. Prentiss, “a blighted burr, fallen from the mane of the War-horse of the Hermitage”—

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saved the day, and, we may almost say, saved the Nation.

Mr. Prentiss was the most gifted orator that this country has ever produced, but he died, and his speeches died with him, and if he ever did anything permanently great it has never been discovered; but the "burr" blocked the mightiest nation at that time on earth, and our hereditary political foe, in the attempt to keep us forever away from the shores of the Great Western Sea.

CAUSES OF 1846-47 CONFLICT

I will set forth the causes, occult and otherwise, that led up to the Mexican War of 1846-47. Like everything else that happens in the world, that momentous struggle came about because of certain other things that had happened before it, and without which it would never have taken place.

In the enumeration of the propelling causes of the war must come, first of all,

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the fact of the difference of race, the irrepressible opposition of breed, the uncompromising friction that has always and everywhere existed between the independent, progressive, self-reliant Saxon and the docile, reactionary Latin.

Occupying the same continent, with nothing but an imaginary line, or a narrow stream, between them, it was inevitable that there should be misunderstandings, disagreements, clashing convictions—in a word, all sorts of trouble.

Here, then, in this basic fact of **BREED** we have the primary cause of the Mexican War. It made trouble from the start, it is making trouble to-day, and it will keep on making trouble until, in the “struggle for life,” the “fittest” holds the helm and guides the ship.

Just now it was intimated that among the other differences between the Saxon and the Latin was the **MORAL** one; and it was in this difference that we are to find another

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of the causes that brought on our armed conflict with Mexico.

A WICKED, UNJUST NEIGHBOR

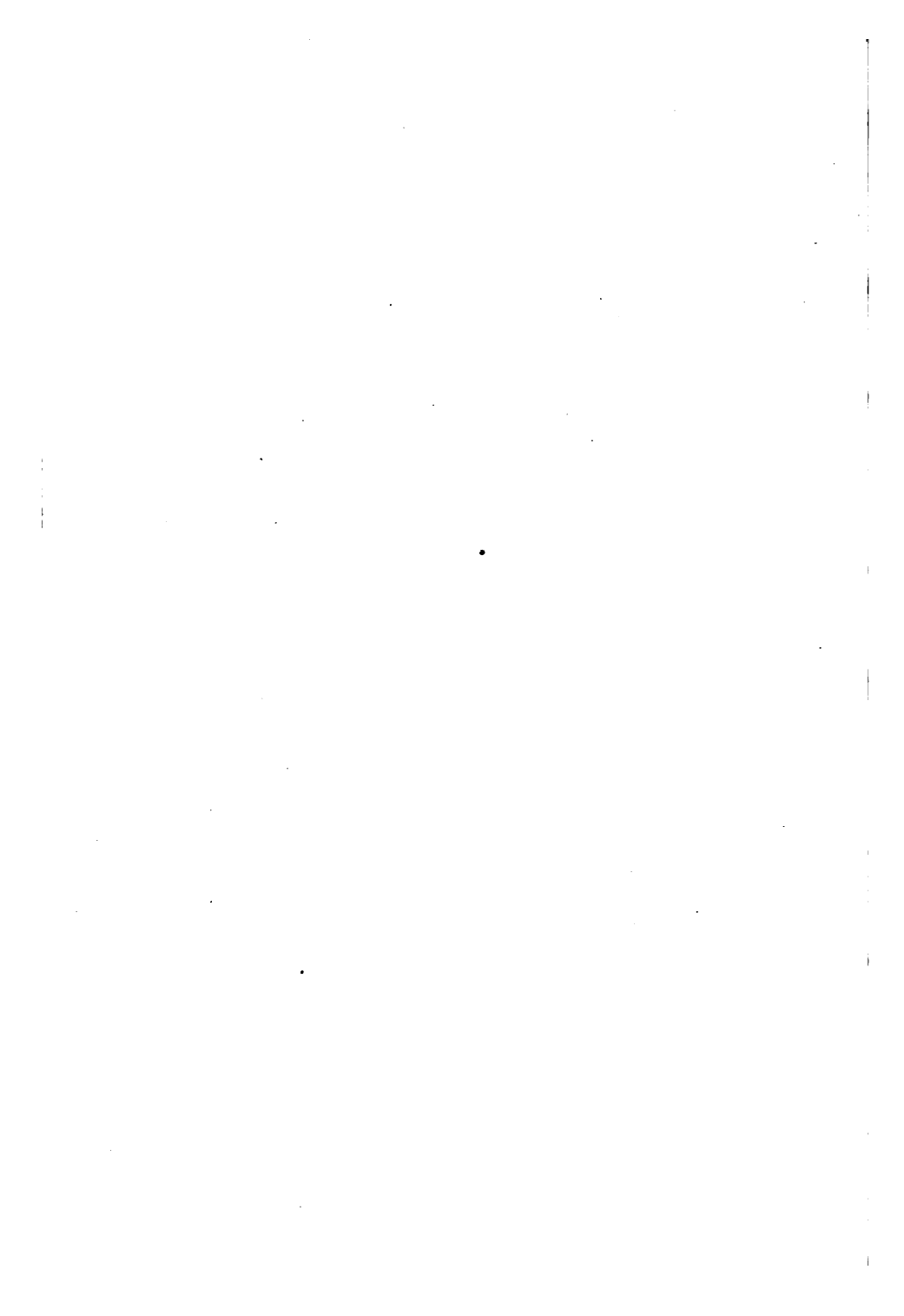
The population of Mexico in 1846 was, approximately, 8,000,000, and of the 8,000,000 at least 85 per cent were peons and half-breeds of various descriptions, without social standing or political influence, mere human nondescripts, leaving the Government and its policies to be shaped by the million or so of pure Latins, and what those policies were is well known to all men.

Mexico had from the beginning proven itself to be an unjust and wicked neighbor. It was such under the imperial government of the Mother Country; it was even worse under its own so-called republican rule.

Always fighting among themselves, they were always impoverished, and they did not hesitate to replenish their ever-depleted treasury by plundering American vessels in the



THE DEFENSE OF THE ALAMO



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Gulf of Mexico or wherever else they could find them, and by confiscating the property of American merchants within its borders.

Robberies were frequent. Brigandage was of common occurrence. The murder of American citizens living in the country, or of Americans journeying through it, was a matter that provoked slight comment by the authorities or the people.

The United States Government remonstrated, but remonstrated in vain. The robbery, murder and confiscation went right on regardless of the protests of our Government. In 1831 a treaty was made between the two countries, and promises of redress were given, but the pledged faith of Mexico was never fulfilled.

By 1845 the aggregate value of property belonging to Americans that had been appropriated by the Mexicans amounted to over seven millions of dollars. This claim was still unsatisfied when the annexation of Texas took place in the above-mentioned year.

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TEXAS IN; MEXICO FRANTIC

The annexation of Texas! Here we have one of the big causes of the war with our Southern neighbor. When Texas joined the Union, Mexico became frantic. It is true Texas, driven to desperation by Mexican atrocities and Mexican misrule in general, had appealed to the arbitrament of arms, and in a fair fight had won her independence, and along with it the right to remain independent or cast her lot with the sisterhood of American States; but Mexico did not seem to realize the fact; and her action was like that of a very bad and very foolish child.

Of course, events moved on quite regardless of the Mexican quibbling, and the Rio Grande and not the Nueces was decided to be the Lone Star State's western boundary.

Still, like the bad, foolish child that she was, Mexico refused to recognize either the independence of Texas or its annexation to the United States; and to make matters still

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worse offered a direct affront to our Government by refusing to receive its envoy, John Slidell. Arriving in the City of Mexico on the 6th of December, 1845, Slidell wrote the usual formal note to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations, inclosing a copy of his credentials, and asking that a date might be fixed at which he might be received by the President.

To this very proper action on the part of Slidell the sequel came in the shape of a letter from the Minister which read as follows: "The Supreme Government is advised that the agreement which it entered into to admit a plenipotentiary of the United States with special powers to treat of the affairs of Texas does not compel it to receive an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to reside near the Government, in which character Mr. Slidell comes according to his credentials."

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ASKED FOR HIS PASSPORTS

The action of the Mexican Government in refusing to receive the American Minister ended, of course, all further discussion; and, as there was nothing else for Slidell to do, he asked for his passports, and returned home, to report to the President the supreme indignity that had been offered his nation.

The foregoing facts are sufficient of themselves to explain the reason of our war with Mexico in 1846-47.

But there is another fact to be taken into consideration—the fact to which we have very properly given the name of “MANIFEST DESTINY.”

That self-preservation is the first law of life holds for nations even to a greater extent than it does for individuals.

Now, in 1846, this nation needed to expand. A law rigid as gravity, and high above all the considerations of what may well be called the minor moralities, was urging the Ameri-



JAMES BUCHANAN



JOHN SLIDELL

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can people to grow. To the west of them and to the southwest lay a mighty region that was almost wholly given up to silence and solitude, the inaction and unproductivity of the primeval wilderness. A few small tribes of wild men, a few missions, here and there a scant settlement of Mexicans, made up the human content of a splendid region almost a third the size of Europe.

Why should it not be turned to the service of man? Why should it not be made the instrument of human civilization and progress? The government under whose sovereignty it had been for generations and ages was making no use of it—why not let those have it who would make use of it?

Not only so, but the future—the twentieth century, the twenty-fifth century—was calling to us to provide for the **PHYSICAL SOLIDARITY** of the nation, to make its boundary line coincide with the dictates of reason and necessity, as well as of the unmistakable hints of nature itself.

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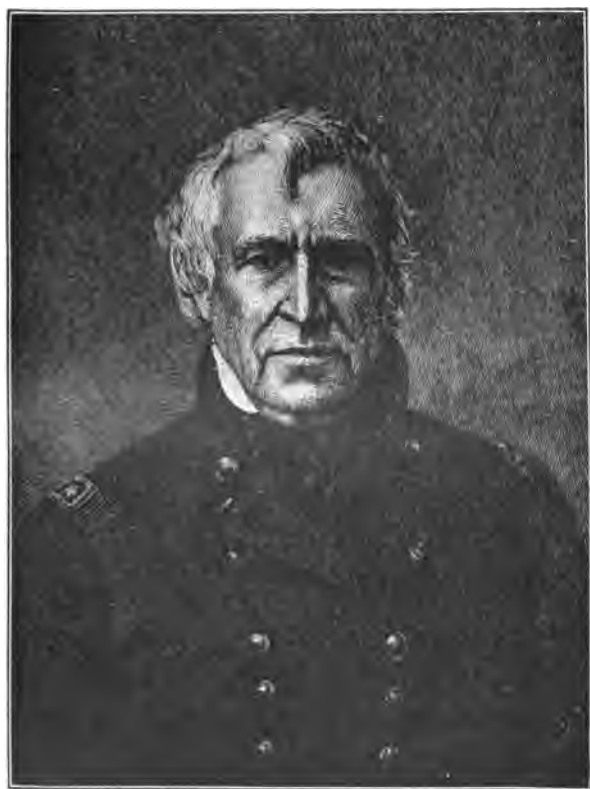
And so, the fiat went forth, and the deed was done. That it was a wicked deed, a deed that clashed with the larger moralities, remains to be proven.

UNPREPAREDNESS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

On the 24th day of April, 1846, the Mexican General Torrejon, with a considerable body of infantry and cavalry, crossed the Rio Grande and on the following day came upon a scouting party of twenty-six American dragoons under Captain Thornton, who after a short skirmish were surrounded and captured. The American casualties were sixteen killed and wounded.

The first blood of the Mexican War was shed, and it was up to the United States to do the rest.

Our country was in a state of utter unpreparedness—no more ready to begin a war than it was to begin a trip to the moon. The regular army was hopelessly inadequate in



ZACHARY TAYLOR

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numbers, the whole force on paper being but 8,616, the total number "present for duty" being only 643 commissioned officers and 5,612 non-commissioned officers, musicians, artificers and privates—an aggregate of a little over six thousand.

\$10,000,000; 50,000 MEN

There was no plan of campaign. Congress voted \$10,000,000 and 50,000 men, but nobody in the Cabinet or in the field seemed to have the least idea of how the money and the men were to be used.

General Taylor, in command of the "Army of Occupation," with headquarters at Point Isabel, did not have much time to study the "rough diagram." The Mexicans, flushed by Torrejon's victory over the little squad of scouts, pressed ahead, and on the 5th of May attacked the American garrison at Fort Brown.

The cannonade of the fort was almost

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incessant for one hundred and sixty hours, but the Americans stood by their guns and refused every summons to surrender. Suddenly, about noon of the 8th, they heard the sound of cannon in the direction of Point Isabel. General Taylor was marching to their succor. He had met the enemy and the battle of Palo Alto was in full swing.

Palo Alto (meaning "Tall Timber") saw some tall fighting by Taylor and his little army. General Taylor's force was twenty-one hundred strong, and against him were eight thousand five hundred of the enemy under General Arista. From all accounts, Palo Alto presented an imposing and brilliant scene, a broad, almost level, prairie, without a sod turned, or a fence or a wall for shelter, the opposing armies being face to face with each other for a fair, square, stand-up fight.

For five hours the hotly contested struggle went on. Outnumbered to the tune of four to one, the day many times looked dark for

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the Americans; but their superior fighting qualities and intelligence finally gave them the victory, and Arista, beaten at every point, retired from the field.

THE FIRST CASUALTIES

The losses in the battle of Palo Alto were: American, nine killed and forty-four wounded; Mexican, two hundred and fifty-two killed and wounded—five times that of the American casualties. It may be said in passing that the casualty list of Palo Alto, which will be found to be similar in character throughout the story of the war, while it speaks well for the courage of the Mexicans, is a very poor compliment to their intelligence. They were brave, oftentimes desperately, foolishly brave, but they did not know how to aim. They lacked the coolness, self-possession and sense of their American opponents.

At dawn on the morning of the 9th of May, Arista fell back some five miles to a

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strong position known as Resaca de la Palma. Taylor's army had been put in motion as soon as the retreat of the Mexicans was observed, and about four o'clock in the afternoon he came up with them, badly disorganized and without the least idea that they were to be attacked that day.

But "Old Rough and Ready's" blood was up, and he sent his men in at once. Advancing through the chaparral, they charged upon the Mexican line and soon had it broken up into little groups without a semblance of order. The Mexican right maintained the struggle for a while, supported by several batteries of artillery; but the memorable cavalry charge by Captain May soon put the artillery out of business, and the work was finished.

THE MEMORABLE CHARGE

May's charge is worthy of being retold, in the words of an eye-witness, the gallant Lieutenant Ridgely:



KIT CARSON



GEN. STEPHEN W. KEARNY



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“Riding up to my guns May shouted: ‘Where are they? I’m going to charge.’ I replied: ‘Hold on, Charley, till I draw their fire.’ I gave them a volley, and May dashed forward in column of fours, at the head of his squadron.

“Storming right up to the breastworks in front of the guns, May leaped his horse over them, knocked the gunners from their pieces, and, riding up to the commanding officer, who was in the act of reloading a gun with his own hands, summoned him to surrender. La Vega yielded his sword and was sent into the American lines. Captain May’s charge is still reckoned among the most daring and brilliant deeds of the war.”

The American strength at Resaca de la Palma (actually engaged) was seventeen hundred; that of the Mexicans exceeded six thousand. The American loss in the battle was 39 killed and 82 wounded. The Mexicans lost in killed 262, wounded 355, missing

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185, total 802—between six and seven times the American loss.

The Mexican retreat soon turned into a panic. The infantry threw away their cloaks, muskets and cartridge boxes to speed their flight. The horsemen urged on their jaded steeds regardless of the fallen, till they fell themselves, exhausted, on the road.

The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma staggered Mexico.

ON TO CALIFORNIA

In accordance with the plan of campaign adopted by the Administration, the fifty thousand men authorized by Congress were assigned to three divisions, the "Army of Occupation," under Major-General Taylor; the "Army of the Center," under Brigadier-General Wool, and the "Army of the West," commanded by Brigadier-General Stephen W. Kearny. This last division was ordered to march to Santa Fe, seize upon the terri-

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tory of New Mexico and then push on westward to occupy California.

The "army" to which such a tremendous task had been committed numbered only 1,658 men and sixteen pieces of artillery. Starting out from its rendezvous at Fort Leavenworth on the 26th of June, 1846, on the long march of more than two thousand miles, they reached Santa Fe August 18 and took possession of the ancient city without the loss of a man. The American flag was run up to the top of a pole one hundred feet high, given the national salute of twenty-eight guns—and New Mexico was ours.

Twice on their way to Santa Fe the Americans thought they were going to have the excitement of battle, but were disappointed. At Las Vegas 2,000 Mexicans lay across their path, but when Kearny was about ready to attack them the Mexicans fled.

Again the disappointment came. From the Gallisteo Canyon, Don Manuel Armejo,

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Mexican Governor of New Mexico, sent Kearny word that he was ready for him with 7,000 men, and that if he would come on he would give him all the fight he wanted. The American accepted the invitation and kept on to the canyon, but Armejo and his Mexicans were not there.

And now the Army of the West was to be divided. Colonel Doniphan, in command of all the forces of New Mexico, was to march southward into Chihuahua, while Kearny, with such force as he could muster, was to proceed to the shores of the Pacific and capture California.

Kearny left Santa Fe September 25 on his march of eleven hundred miles to San Francisco, his force consisting of 300 men and provisions for sixty-five days. On the 6th of October he met a party led by Kit Carson, who informed him that he was the bearer of dispatches to Washington announcing the occupation of California by the Americans.



JAMES K. POLK

20

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Commodores Sloat and Stockton, aided by a handful of American emigrants, had already taken California, and General Kearny, returning with Carson as a guide, co-operated with the naval forces in strengthening the occupation which had been so nicely begun.

And now for Doniphan and Chihuahua. The redoubtable colonel, with a force of 1,000 men and ten pieces of artillery, set out on his long march December 14. On Christmas Day he found himself "up against" the equally redoubtable General Ponce de Leon.

THE DESERT MARCH

Doniphan attacked, and in sixty minutes' time the enemy was beaten, with a loss of 75 killed and 150 wounded. Doniphan's loss was eight men wounded, none killed.

From Bracito Doniphan passed over into the Province of Chihuahua, and after his ever-memorable "Desert March," which almost deserves to rank with that of Xenophon

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and his ten thousand Greeks, found himself face to face with the enemy.

At Sacramento were 4,300 Mexican regulars under General José A. Heredia. Heredia was so confident that he had provided ropes and handcuffs for the American prisoners.

Doniphan did not give his foe much time for jubilation, but pitched into him with all his might, with the result that the Mexicans were routed along the whole line. For three hours the volunteer soldiers of Doniphan, 1,100 strong, engaged four times their number behind well constructed intrenchments, and put them to rout. This smart battle occurred February 27, 1847.

The Mexican loss was 320 men killed, 560 wounded and 72 made prisoners, against an American loss of 1 officer killed and 11 men wounded.

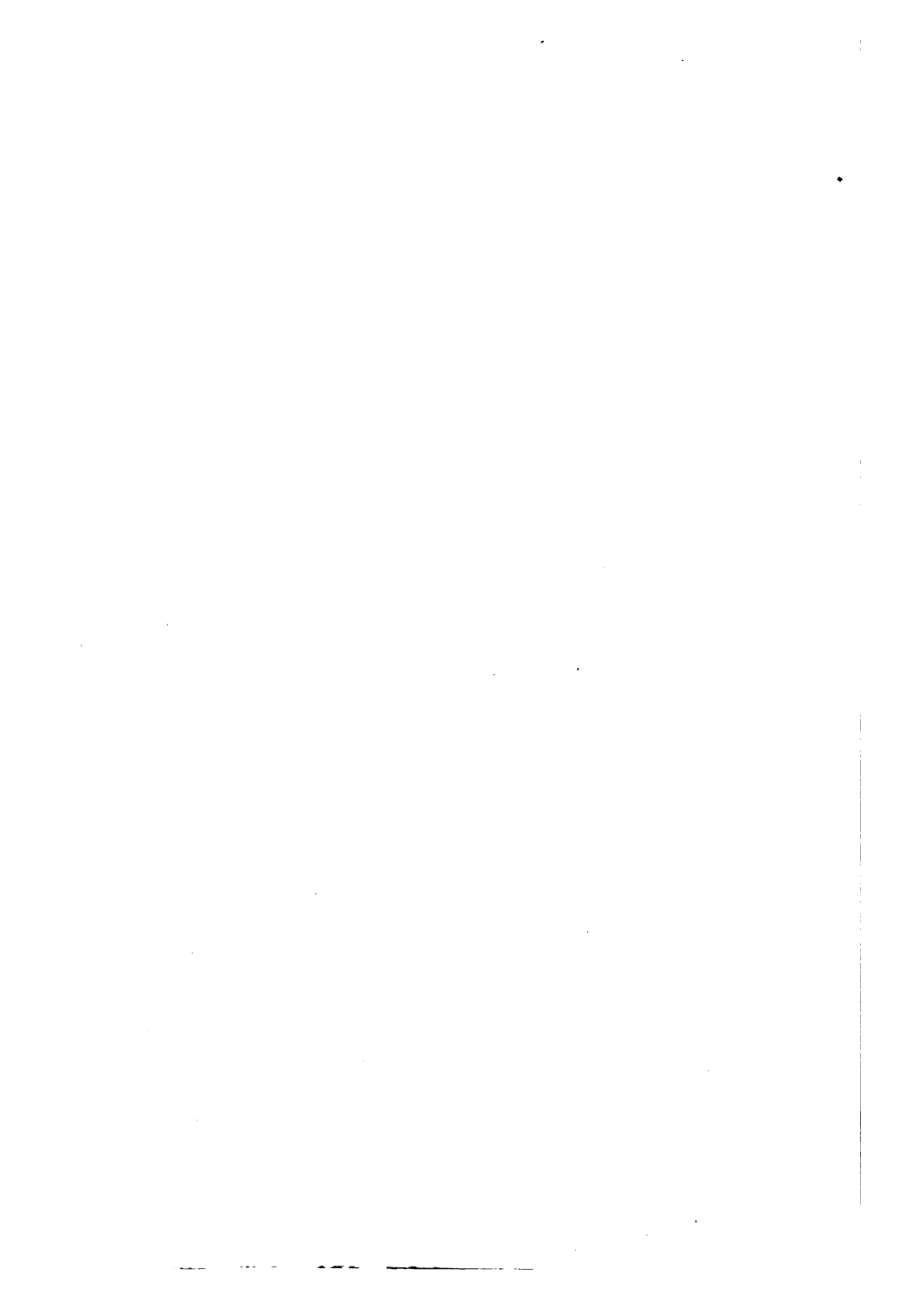
The beautiful province was now virtually in possession of the Americans, and by the same logic that we held New Mexico and



SANTA ANNA



WINFIELD SCOTT



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California we were entitled to have held Chihuahua.

CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE

The course of events now brings us back to the East. General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande and took possession of Matamoras on the 18th of May, 1846, and all preparations being ready, he set out, late in August, for the City of Monterey, a strong place one hundred and eighty miles in the interior of Mexico.

It is hardly fair to say that Monterey was "strong." It was a veritable Gibraltar, garrisoned by 9,000 regulars; and to make matters worse the American army was without heavy artillery. It was decided to attempt the capture of the place by assault at the point of the bayonet. The roll sounded at dawn of the 21st of September.

From wall to wall, from street to street, from house to house, the 6,000 Americans, approaching from opposite sides, fought their

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way in toward the center of the city; and seeing they would not be denied, the Mexican commander, Ampudia, on the 23rd, surrendered.

The American losses at Monterey were heavy, being over 500 in killed and wounded. The Mexican loss was about 1,000.

The work of Doniphan and Taylor had by this time given all Northern Mexico into the hands of the Americans.

Just as General Taylor was about to commence another campaign, General Scott ordered him, by special messenger, to send a large part of his army to assist in the siege of Vera Cruz. By this order, which, soldier-like, he promptly obeyed, Taylor was left with only about 5,000 men, to act on the defensive against 20,000 Mexicans, then gathering at San Luis Potosi under General Santa Anna.

Hearing that he was about to be attacked by this overwhelming force, Taylor fell back



GENERAL SCOTT AT THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA



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from Saltillo to Angostura, near the little village of Buena Vista.

Santa Anna, with his finely equipped army of 20,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery, left Encarnacion February 21, 1847, and the next day came up with the Americans at Buena Vista.

The battle began, and the result speaks for itself—Mexican loss, 2,500 in killed and wounded and 4,000 missing; American loss, 264 killed, 450 wounded.

VERA CRUZ, CHAPULTEPEC AND MEXICO CITY

General Scott arrived off Vera Cruz with the larger part of the forces assigned to him, on the 9th of March, 1847, just two weeks after Taylor's brilliant victory at Buena Vista. He had about 12,000 troops, including the divisions of Generals Worth, Twiggs, Quitman and Pillow.

The City of Vera Cruz at the time con-

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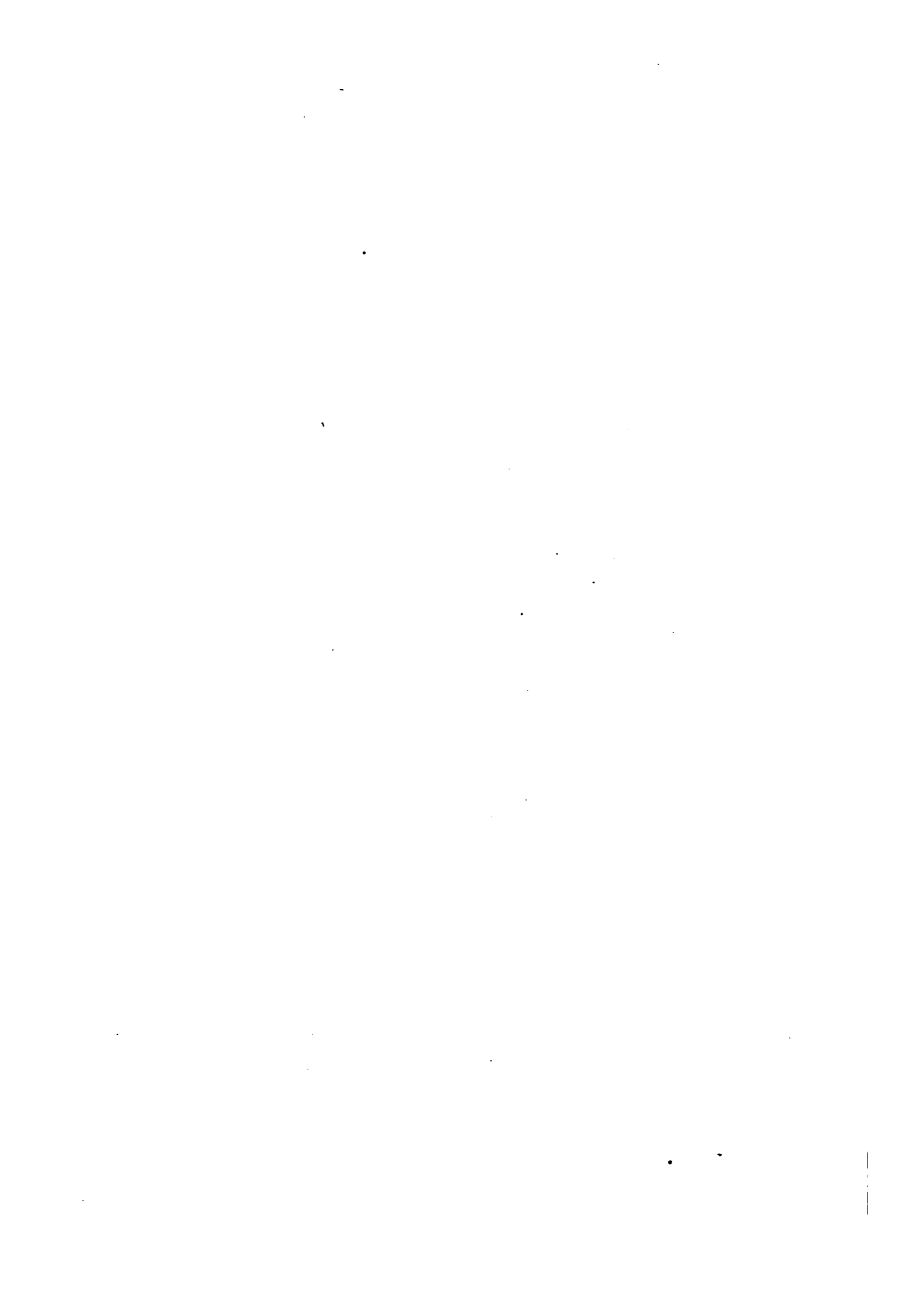
tained a thousand houses and seven thousand inhabitants. The houses were built of stone, two stories high, with flat roofs and parapets. It was situated on a dry plain, behind which rose sand hills, cut up with many ravines and covered with clusters of thick chaparral.

The city was entirely surrounded by a massive stone wall, two and a half miles in circumference. On this wall there were nine bastions, mounting one hundred guns. Another hundred guns and mortars were in the city and in the defenses outside of the wall.

Within the walls were five thousand troops, besides the citizens, most of whom were well armed. On an island about a mile in front of the city was the famous stone castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, built by the Spaniards in 1582, and the foundations of whose walls, laid deep in the sea, had enabled it to withstand the waves and storms of three centuries.



THE STORMING OF CHURUBUSCO



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THE SURRENDER TO SCOTT

The American line of investment was completed by the 12th, and each division and regiment was given its place. Immediately the battle opened from both sides. The cannonading was practically incessant, the Americans steadily getting the better of it, and on the 26th, as Scott was about to order the final assault, General Morales informed him that he was ready to surrender.

On the next day the articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed, and General Scott sent on to Washington his historic dispatch: "*The flag of the United States of America now floats triumphantly over the walls of this city and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa.*"

"On to Mexico City!" then became the cry of the Americans; and while the Americans were shouting that slogan, Santa Anna, who had worked up a revolution in the capital and got himself elected President, was making

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the welkin ring with the cry: "On to Vera Cruz, to drive out the Gringos!"

The mutually advancing forces—the Americans on their way to Mexico City, and the Mexicans on the march to Vera Cruz—met at Cerro Gordo, a strong position some sixty miles inland, April 18, 1847. After a stubborn fight of half a day's duration, the Mexicans were routed, retiring in great disorder toward the capital.

The forces were, American, 8,000; Mexican, 14,000; losses, American, 439; Mexican, 1,200. In addition, the Mexicans lost forty-five pieces of artillery, a vast amount of ammunition and 3,000 prisoners, including five generals.

PEACE OFFER SPURNED

Following the victory at Cerro Gordo, General Scott offered the Mexicans peace, but their answer was, "*War without pity, unto death.*"

Resuming their advance, the Americans,

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on May 15, reached Puebla, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, where they remained until August 7, awaiting reinforcements. Leaving Puebla on the 7th, they gained the summit of the Cordilleras on the 10th, and down below them, in all its enchanting beauty, lay the City of Mexico, toward which they began an immediate descent.

The City of Mexico, while not a walled town, was defended by several formidable works, which required capture if the place was to be entered. Chief among these fortifications were the Hill of Contreras, the convent and bridge of Churubusco, and the remarkably strong fortress of Chapultepec.

Two of these—Contreras and Churubusco—were disposed of on August 20.

The Hill of Contreras, with its powerful intrenchments, was defended by seven thousand of the best troops in Mexico. It was attacked by 4,500 men under General Smith, with the usual results. The enemy was defeated, with a loss of 700 in killed and

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wounded, 800 prisoners and thousands of small arms. Incredible as it may seem, the American loss was only about 50.

The difficulty presented by Churubusco was negotiated in the same successful manner. And Churubusco was a formidable difficulty. The fortification was the thick, high wall of a hacienda, forming a square with a stone building higher than the wall, and a big stone church with lofty tower, the whole combination pierced with loopholes for musketry.

Outside the walls were two fieldworks mounting several batteries of artillery; while the surrounding fields were well filled with sharpshooters. Assailed by Twiggs's men, Churubusco was handsomely taken, though at a heavy loss to the American troops.

CITY ALMOST WITHIN GRASP

The City of Mexico was now almost within the grasp of our army, but still another ob-



THE CAPTURE OF CHAPULTEPEC

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stacle needed to be removed. That obstacle was Chapultepec.

Chapultepec is an isolated rocky hill, crowned by a massive stone building, once the Bishop's palace, but later on converted into a strong fortress, heavily armed and garrisoned. A little way from Chapultepec, less than half a mile, was Casa de Mata, the citadel circled with intrenchments and deep, wide ditches, so arranged that its garrison occupied two lines of defense.

At the very foot of Chapultepec was Molino del Rey, a number of stone buildings that had been used as a foundry. It guarded the only approach to Chapultepec, and had been made as strong as possible to protect that fortress.

On the morning of the 8th of September, at break of day, the Americans attacked the Mata and Molino del Rey as preliminary to the main assault upon Chapultepec, the grand objective of their efforts. Before the impetuous charges of the infantry, assisted by

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the fine work of the artillery, the positions were carried, though at a terrible sacrifice.

It was the bloodiest day, for the invaders, of the whole war. Seven hundred and seventy-eight Americans were killed and wounded, fifty-eight of them being officers.

The Mexican loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was over 3,000.

AMERICAN COLORS RAISED

At dawn on the 12th, the American batteries began pounding Chapultepec and kept at it all day. The next day two assaulting columns, each of 250 picked men, selected from the divisions of Worth and Twiggs, bore down, from opposite directions, upon the grim old fortress.

The garrison, realizing the supreme importance of the position, poured forth a hail of shot and shell upon the advancing columns, but it did not deter them. Pillow's men rolled up the rocky ascent, while from the opposite



GENERAL SCOTT AT THE BATTLE OF CONTRERAS



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side Quitman's column kept steadily on, and by the help of scaling ladders the Americans were soon inside the walls. Those of the garrison that stood their ground were soon overpowered, and the American colors were soon flying from the ramparts.

Chapultepec had fallen—and the way into the Mexican capital was at last open.

On the 13th the Mexican forces began the evacuation of the city, and by one o'clock on the morning of the following day all that was left of Santa Anna's army was in bivouac at Guadalupe Hidalgo.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September, General Scott and staff rode into the ancient capital of the Montezumas. Along the "Avenida de San Francisco" he rode to the "Plaza de la Constitution," entered the Palace, ordered the Flag raised from its towers, and the war was over.

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MAGNIFICENT RESULTS

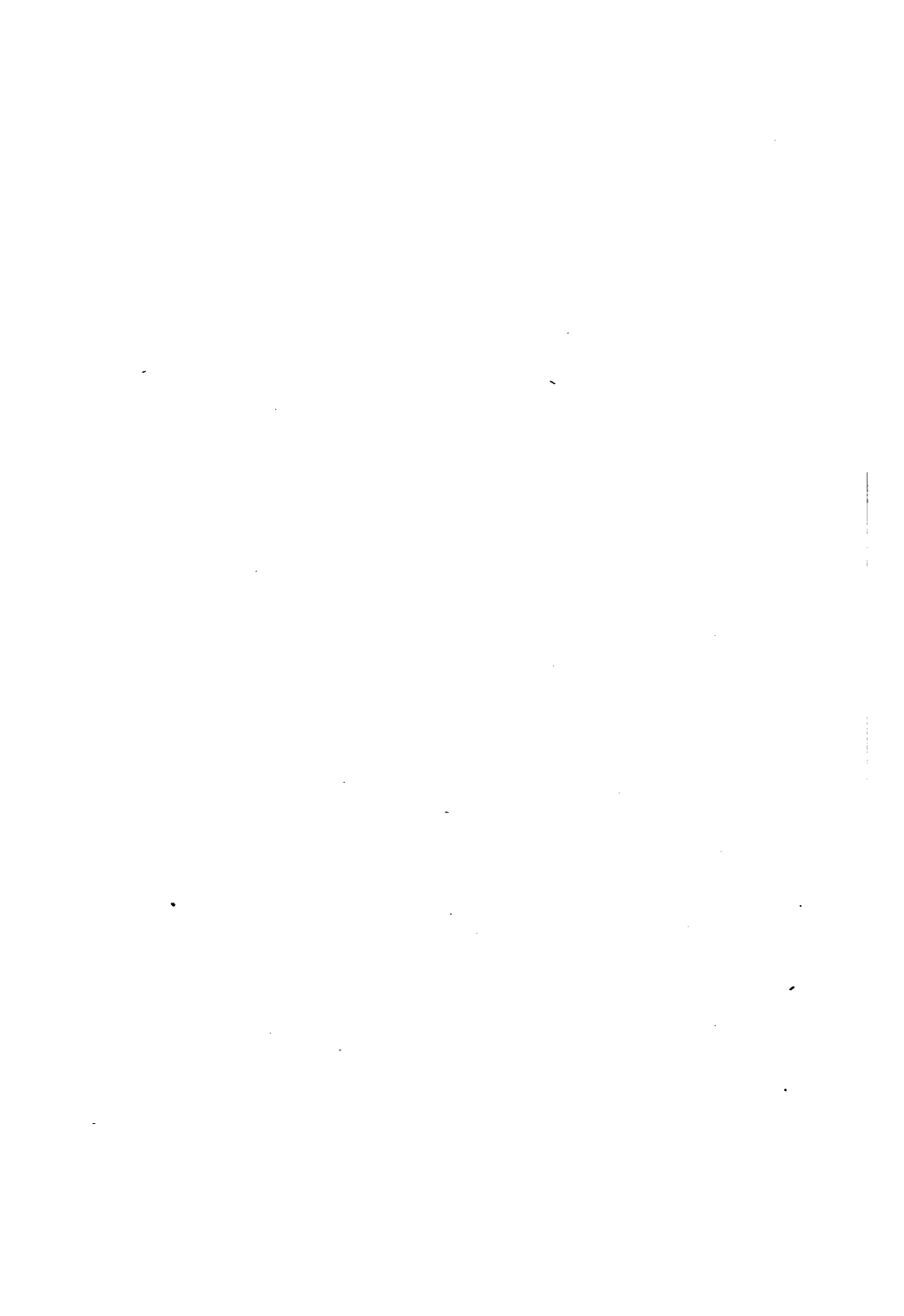
The war with Mexico was fought, on the part of this country, with less than a hundred thousand men, a little over two-thirds of them being from the South, and much of the other third from the West. The number of volunteers accepted by the Government and engaged in the service of the United States was 56,926. The number of regular troops was 26,400. The number of naval forces, teamsters and others was 13,000, making all told 96,500 men.

The number of men engaged on the Mexican side was never known with accuracy, but we have data from which to infer that it could not have been less than 125,000.

The infantry on both sides was equipped with the old smooth bore flint-lock musket, high military authorities not being yet persuaded of the advantages of percussion locks. The mounted men of both armies were what were then known as "light" cavalry or



GENERAL SCOTT ENTERING MEXICO CITY



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“dragoons,” armed with saber and carbine. The larger part of the Mexican cavalry carried the lance in addition to the other arms. In artillery the Mexicans were at a disadvantage in comparison with the Americans, their guns being of the even then antiquated “Gribeauxel” type of various calibers and mounted on heavy, rough wheels.

The mortality of the American troops in actual battle was small, about 5,000, but the deaths from wounds and sickness made the total loss in excess of 22,000. The malarial fevers killed four times as many as the Mexican bullets.

The battle losses on the side of Mexico will never be known. With characteristic carelessness, they never tabulated their casualties. But their actual killed in battle must have equaled our entire death list—that is, 22,000—to say nothing of the deaths from other causes. It has been estimated that the total Mexican mortality, actual killed, died of wounds, starvation and sickness, was about

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50,000 men—more than double that of the Americans.

Military circles the world over have not as yet ceased to wonder at the fact that the Mexicans, in their struggle with the Americans, failed to win a single battle. Not once did they get a taste of victory. The Americans won every fight, and in most cases won overwhelmingly.

This is all the more remarkable from the fact that the Mexicans invariably had the advantage in position and numbers. The Americans were always the attacking party, and always the numerical odds were greatly against them. The odds against them were often five to one. At Palo Alto they were three to one, and the same at Resaca de la Palma; at Monterey, two to one; at Buena Vista, four to one; at Sacramento, the same; at Sierra Gordo, two to one; and in the final battles around the City of Mexico the ratio was around three to five to one in favor of the Mexicans.

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The mystery is only intensified by the fact, admitted by all, that the Mexicans had plenty of courage and stood up to their work like men, and yet they were always beaten, and beaten ignominiously.

The only explanation is to be found in the American superiority in sense, coolness and moral courage. The Americans never lost their heads, kept cool, and shot, not into the air but straight at the enemy.

The war with Mexico cost the United States, in money actually paid out, \$100,000,000. Additional to this was the cost of the return of the troops, extra pay and bounties, amounting to \$12,500,000—to say nothing of the pensions which, beginning with the close of the war, ran on for half a century.

If we reckon in the \$3,000,000 paid by way of claims against us by Mexican citizens and the \$15,000,000 paid for the ceded territory, we have, as the grand total of cost to us of the Mexican War, \$130,000,000.

But even this, for the time, enormous sum

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was a mere trifle in comparison with the immense gain that came to us by way of war.

By the terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, signed February 2, 1848, the American people came into possession of a territory equal in extent to 855,000 square miles, equivalent to seventeen States the size of New York.

The territory thus acquired included ten degrees of latitude on the Pacific, and extended east to the Rio Grande, a distance of one thousand miles. Five thousand miles of sea coast were added to the United States, including the finest of harbors, that behind the "Golden Gate," where the navies of all the nations might be sheltered at once.

California alone was worth many times the cost of the Mexican War. To say nothing of anything else, its gold has already put into the pockets of the American people a great deal more money than they paid out in fighting Mexico.

To say nothing about Texas, the present

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wealth, in real estate and personal property, of the territory won by the war with Mexico—that is to say, of Utah, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, the half of Colorado, the southwest corner of Kansas and California—aggregates over \$3,000,000,000—THREE THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS—a result that amply justifies the expenditure of \$130,000,000 in 1846-47.

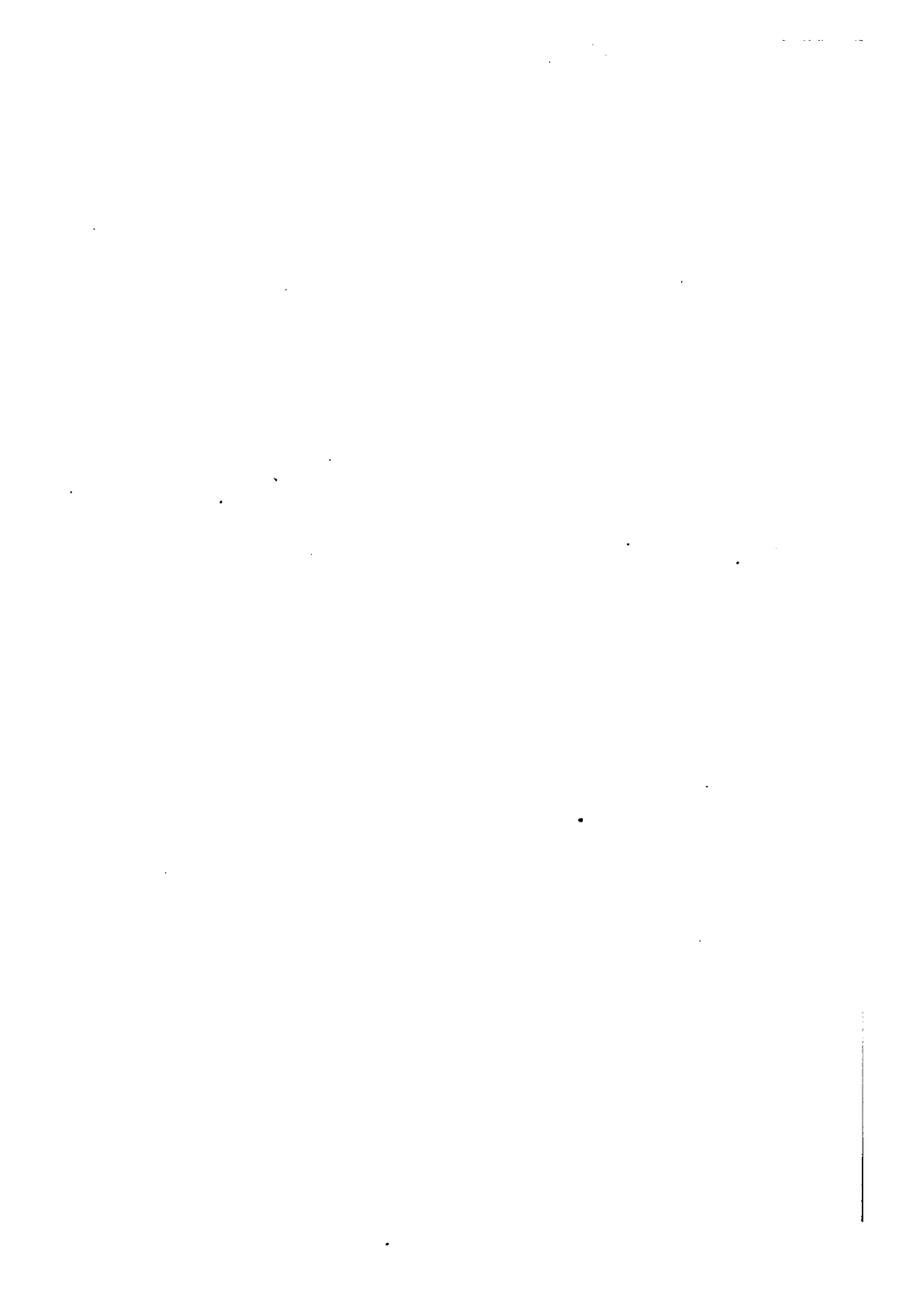
And it should not be overlooked that the great States mentioned are but just beginning their career. Irrigation and the “dry farming” idea will eventually make the region which in the forties was known as the “Great American Desert” blossom like a tropical garden and teem with every conceivable form of agricultural and horticultural wealth.

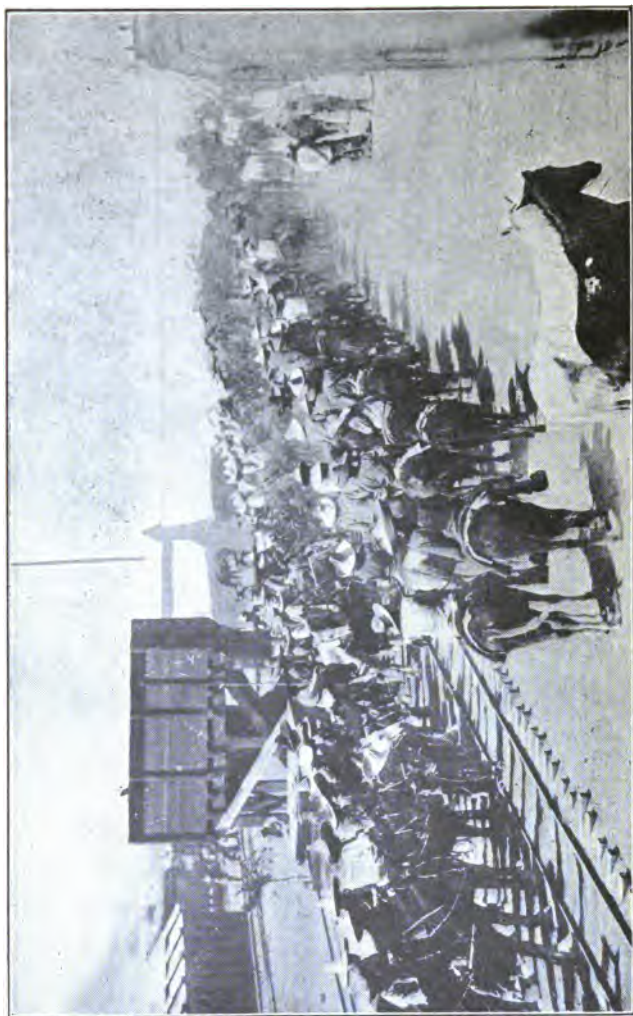
As for California, the “Italy of North America,” its future is splendid beyond calculation. Already rich, its potential wealth is such that the rosiest predictions might be more than fulfilled in the result.

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In this connection it ought to be said that had Jefferson Davis had his way the boundary line of the United States would have been fixed much further south than it was. Davis, with Houston, Dickinson, of New York; Douglas, of Illinois; Hannegan, of Indiana, and one of the Ohio Senators, wanted the boundary so fixed as to include the State of Tamaulipas and Nuevo Leon, the whole of Coahuila and the greater part of Chihuahua, but he was beaten by Calhoun, Benton, Herschel V. Johnson, Lewis Cass, of Michigan, and Mason, of Virginia. The United States has the same right to those States that it had to the rest, and had Davis been successful the northern half of Mexico, instead of being what it is—the breeding ground of revolutions and conspiracies and the theater of never-ending misery—would to-day be like California and the rest of the territory that came in along with it—rich, peaceful, happy; integral parts of the great, progressive republic.

Present Mexican Question





VILLA'S CAVALEY NEAR SAN PEDRO

THE PRESENT MEXICAN QUESTION

THE INFLUENCE OF RACIAL DIFFERENCES

IT has been shown that among the various things leading up to the clash of arms was the racial difference between the peoples of the two Countries, the distinction in breed and blood, in temperament and morality. Occupying different parts of the same continent, and without any great natural barriers in the boundary lines between them, it was inevitable that between the Latin and the Saxon disputes should arise, misunderstandings, and eventually war.

That blood is thicker than water, and that it is wonderfully tenacious and persistent, is being mightily corroborated in the happenings of these present days. In the light of current events it is clearly to be seen that

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the Mexicans of the year 1914 are just like the Mexicans of the year 1846, and it is equally clear that in many respects the Mexicans of 1846 were just like the Spaniards of Cortez, who, in 1519, wrote their story of blood, cruelty and insincerity in Mexico. The real Mexicans, so far as this history goes, are not the aborigines, the native Indians found by the Spanish conquerors, but the Spaniards themselves, and their descendants, who, from the time of their coming right down to the present, have been responsible for whatever has happened in Mexico.

A single historical incident will serve to show that four centuries have not changed the blood and breed and that the descendants of the conquerors are almost precisely what their ancestors were. Pizarro received from the Inca Atahualpa \$5,000,000 in gold on the strength of the solemn promise that the Inca's life should be spared, a promise that he never intended to keep, and that was broken as soon as he got the gold.



PORFIRIO DIAZ

Our Mexican Conflicts

Did we not have in Santa Anna a perfect replica of Pizarro; and in Huerta, Villa and Carranza, have we not striking reproductions of Santa Anna, the cruel, crafty, unscrupulous character who stopped at nothing that would further his designs; who wrote to one of his Generals just before the outbreak of the War against Texas, "You understand that in this war there are to be no prisoners"; and who treated the immortal heroes of the Alamo precisely as Pizarro treated the Inca and his people?

Well, because breed persists, the people of the United States had the same troubles with the Mexicans after the War of 1846-47 that they had had before; and the troubles reached right down to the year 1876, when Porfirio Diaz took hold of the bankrupt and demoralized wreck of a half-century of civil war and made a nation out of it. From 1876 till 1910 Diaz was Mexico. He put his foot down upon Civil War and kept it down. He made the Mexican people behave. He made

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them respect the constituted authorities. His reputation as a fighter was unquestioned, the people knew what Diaz could do, and they dared not invite his anger.

With the peace-plank securely settled, Mexico began to prosper, life and property were reasonably safe. "Look after your own interests," said he to the people; "I will attend to the running of the country. Develop your industries. Don't bother about politics. I will look after that part of it." And so for a full generation the "Man of Iron" ruled Mexico, and in the main all was well.

But it is the prerogative of age to be shaky. Most of the great, the daring things have been done by young men, or by men in the rugged prime of body and mind. Except in very rare cases, age paralyzes the will, destroys initiative and cripples the *gaudium certaminis* that is so essential to the holding of a commanding position among one's fellow-men.



VICTORIANA HUERTA

Our Mexican Conflicts

Along came Francesco Madero, astute, a "good fellow" among his countrymen, an aristocrat, rich, but charmingly democratic in his ways. Madero caught the ears of the groundlings, captured the good-will and confidence of the Peons and it was apparent to all—to Diaz more clearly than to anyone else—that the young man had a Presidential bee in his bonnet.

The old man who had reigned for so long clapped the young man into jail—and for a wonder Madero got out of prison alive, skipped across the line into Texas and from San Antonio, the old city of the Alamo, started a revolution. Higher and higher rose the waters of revolt. Every day Madero gained prestige and the old "Man of Iron" lost it. Blacker and heavier grew the political storm-clouds—and, trembling at the prospect of the coming tempest, Porfirio Diaz fled the country. In due course of time Madero became President.

But Madero was not Diaz. His was not

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the hand of steel. Good fellows do not, as a rule, make successful Dictators in the midst of an ignorant and morally immature people—and anarchy and misrule began again to lift their heads.

Along the border, and throughout the country, wherever Mexicans came in contact with Americans and other non-Mexican residents, there was friction; business became unsettled; investments began to be insecure, the condition of things that Diaz put down, and kept down for thirty-five years, began to show itself again.

A few dates are essential here. Porfirio Diaz was "elected" for the last time July 26, 1910. Madero's revolution broke out about February 18, 1910, a few months after his miraculous escape from prison. Diaz resigned the Presidency May 25, 1911. Madero assumed the office October 8, 1911. Madero was assassinated February 23, 1913.

From the inception of the revolution to



FRANCESCO MADERO

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Madero's death—a period of two years and three months—Mexico was in a state of chaos, and any other people than those of the United States would have gone into the country with the strong arm of the military and put an end to the bloody and world-disturbing farce. In spite of the good intentions of Madero, the lives and property of Americans and Europeans were in perpetual jeopardy, and almost every day things occurred that shocked the world, culminating in the foul murder of Madero and the unspeakably infamous régime of Huerta.

It is with Huerta that we must deal next—Huerta, the strange compound of Iago, Caliban and Genghis Khan.

HUERTA'S REIGN OF TERROR

The characterization of the Mexican Dictator as being a combination of cruelty, brutishness and heartless cunning is not a whit too strong. To put it as mildly as is pos-

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sible, it must be said that he is beyond doubt one of the worst men that have ever figured upon the stage of history.

It must be remembered that his monster crime—the assassination of Madero—was committed in the second decade of the Twentieth Century, and in bold and brazen defiance of the latest and finest humanity of the ages. With the nonchalance of a Corsair, he mopped up the blood of the kindest-hearted man that had ever occupied the chair of the Mexican Presidency and deliberately threw the gory clout square into the face of the noblest sentiment of the day.

All things considered, that crime of February 23, 1913, is without a parallel in history, and were there a Shakespeare in our midst he would put it into a drama that would make "Macbeth" look as tame as a Sunday-school essay, or one of Mr. Bryan's Chautauqua addresses.

Not only was that crime committed—deliberately, coolly, with malice aforethought—



CARRANZA



VILLA

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but at his order the assassin's court declared that it was all right, and that their Master was one of the noblest benefactors of their country and of the human race.

It is not to be wondered at that the United States Government stoutly and persistently refused to give official recognition to this twentieth century barbarian. Is it any wonder that the land of Washington should refuse to officially shake hands, in the person of its President, with the man who was so brutally defiant to all the things that Washington stood for and loved?

Nor must it be forgotten that the Mexican people themselves refused to recognize Huerta. In the more progressive and enlightened North and Northwest the people were ashamed of him and of his unblushing crimes, and willingly followed the lead of those who would put him down.

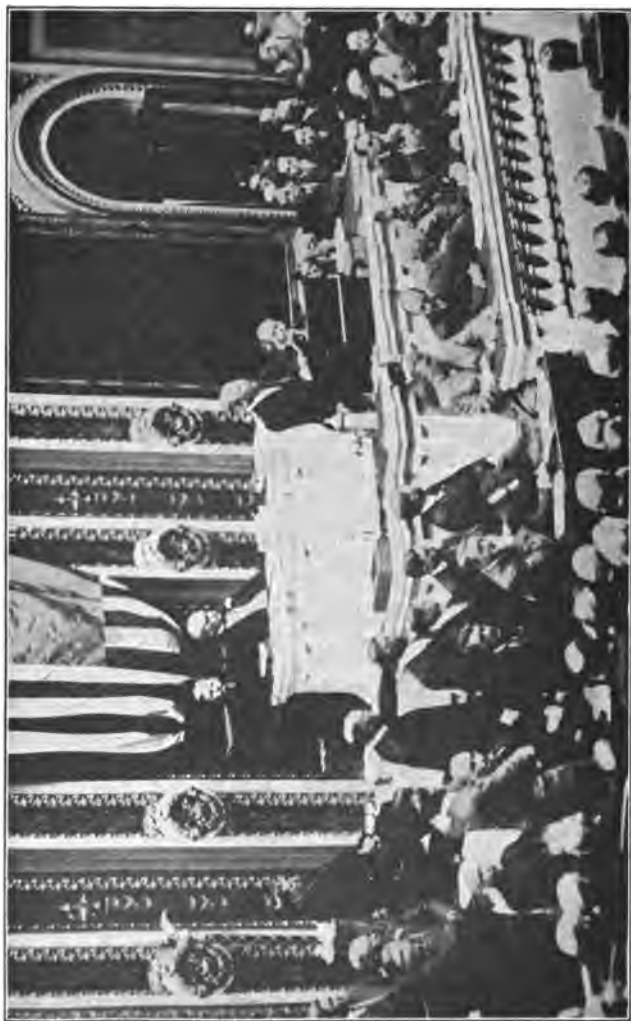
It is true that Villa and Carranza are far from being ideal leaders; it is true that there is blood, and unrighteous blood, too, upon

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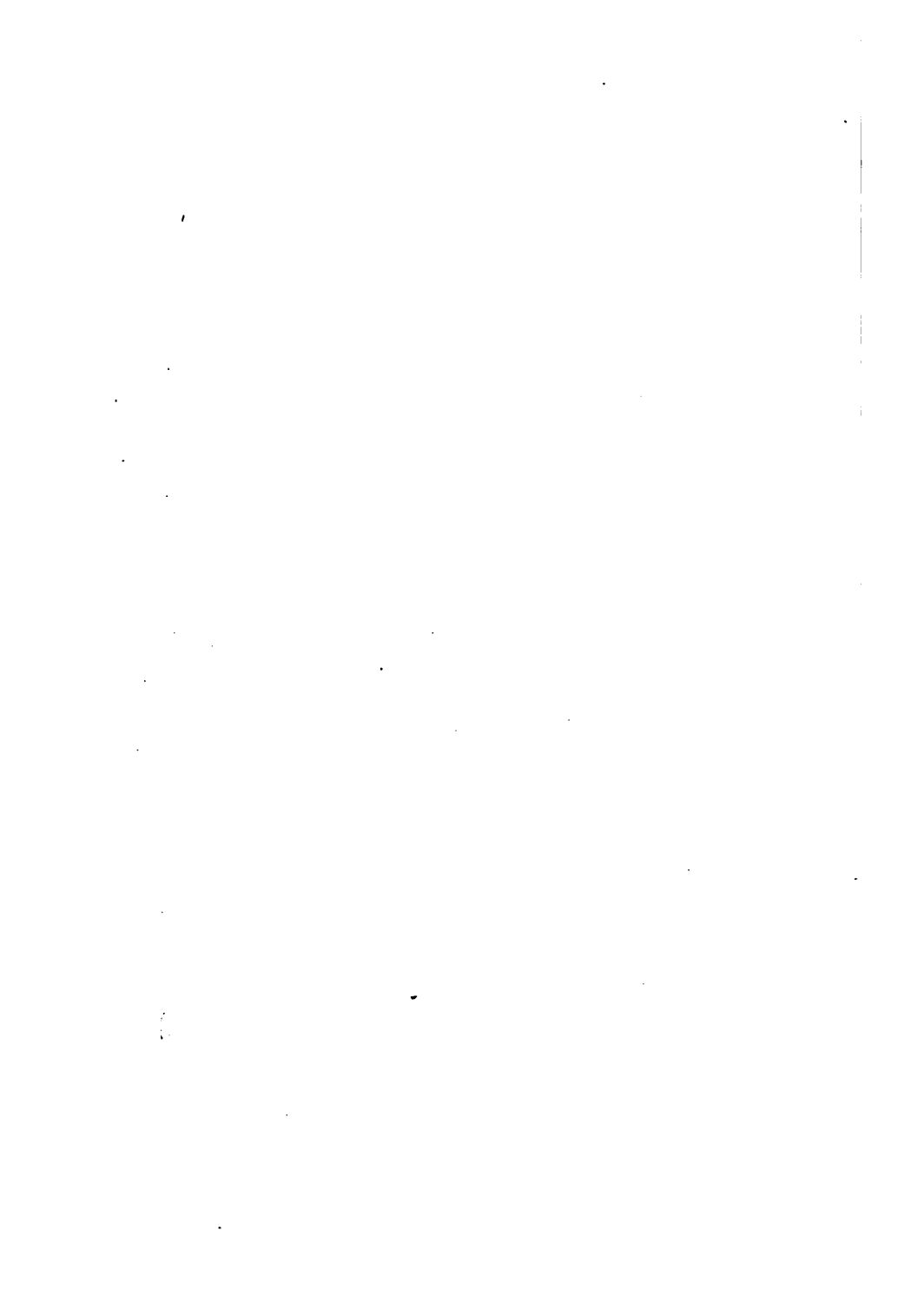
their hands also; but they are a shade less villainous than Huerta.

In Milton's immortal poem, "Satan," viewing the wreck that his unholy ambition had made, exclaimed, "Evil, be thou my good," and that is what Huerta has said down in the land of the Montezumas. He has created a hell there, and solemnly dedicated himself to its perpetuation. He has raised the black flag against humanity, and sworn that his highest joy shall consist in flouting its finest sentiment and outraging its noblest instincts. He has said to himself, "Evil, be thou my good."

Perhaps there is no other place on earth where human life is so cheap, or human existence so wretched, as in Mexico to-day under the monstrous dictatorship of Victoriana Huerta. No man is sure of his life from day to day, or from hour to hour. The settled order that is supposed to be found in civilized communities, and that certainly should be found on the North American



**PRESIDENT WILSON ASKING CONGRESS FOR AUTHORITY TO USE MILITARY
FORCES IN MEXICO**



Our Mexican Conflicts

Continent and in close proximity to the United States of America, has departed, and instead of well-grounded peace, industry and progress there are constant unrest, uncertainty and confusion.

The wealth of Mexico is in its mines, fruit-eries and cattle ranches, but these are utterly demoralized. Industry of every form is paralyzed. The richest country of the whole earth in natural resources is producing nothing. American and European capital no longer goes into Mexico; and millions of dollars invested in the country might as well be at the bottom of the sea. They bring no returns, and what is more, they never will, since the very plants themselves have been deliberately destroyed or confiscated, or permitted to go to wreck and ruin.

These are some of the things, therefore, that the people of the United States have against the Mexicans in general, and Victoriana Huerta in particular. Huerta must go. His presence at the head of the so-

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called Mexican government is worse than a farce—it is a monstrosity and a menace. Says one who has studied the situation at close range:

“He cooked the elections so that he might be returned as President, although he had not offered himself as a candidate. His plan was that the new Congress, consisting, for the most part, of his relatives and supporters, should declare the election void, but ask him to remain in office until the country could be sufficiently ‘Pacified’ for a first choice to be made. I am assured that he confided to a friend that no election would be possible for a long time, and that he then counted upon being elected President himself. That was in an expansive mood, however. As a rule, he confides in nobody. Even his Ministers are kept in ignorance of what his next move is to be. He summons them suddenly, sometimes in the early hours of the morning, and tells them what they are to do. If they argue they are dismissed. Señor



SECRETARY OF STATE BRYAN



PRESIDENT WILSON

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Garza Aldape advised him to resign, and pointed out that the meeting of Congress would be illegal. He was not only deprived of his office, but packed off, at less than twelve hours' notice, to France."

It is clearly the sense of the American people that any "Mediation" with Huerta is out of place; that even the thought of it is absurd and intolerable; and that the only thing to do is not to mediate with him, but to oust him—and to oust him at once. He stands in the way of any successful settlement of the Mexican difficulty, and not until he is put out of the way can even the beginning of such settlement be made.

OUR DUTY TO MANKIND, TO MEXICO AND TO OURSELVES

We come now to the memorable incident of the 9th of April, 1914, which is best told in the concise and straightforward dispatch to the New York *American*, from Mexico City:

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“Mexico City, April 10.—The paymaster and a detachment of marines from the United States gunboat *Dolphin* were *arrested* yesterday by a Mexican officer at Tampico, marched through the streets and, after being held for a time, were released on the demand of Rear-Admiral Mayo.”

The launch from the *Dolphin* carrying the paymaster and the small detachment of marines had put in at Iturbide Bridge, Tampico, to obtain a supply of gasoline. They wore the *uniform* of the *United States Navy*, but were unarmed. Above the launch floated the American flag.

Here was a real situation, one that occurs but seldom in the life of any Nation. The flag of the greatest nation on earth had been grossly insulted. The honor of that nation had received the rudest possible affront. The flag of a nation is a nation's emblem, the sign that stands for its physical, intellectual, moral and political integrity and dignity, and to insult the flag is to insult the nation itself.



SECRETARY OF NAVY DANIELS



SECRETARY OF WAR GARRISON

Our Mexican Conflicts

It is worse than false, it is arrant nonsense and drivel, to say, as some do, that the flag is simply a piece of bunting, a mere rag bearing a few legends, and that it cannot be possible to insult such insensate things. Such talk comes only from fools or traitors. It is never heard from the lips of a sensible man or a patriot.

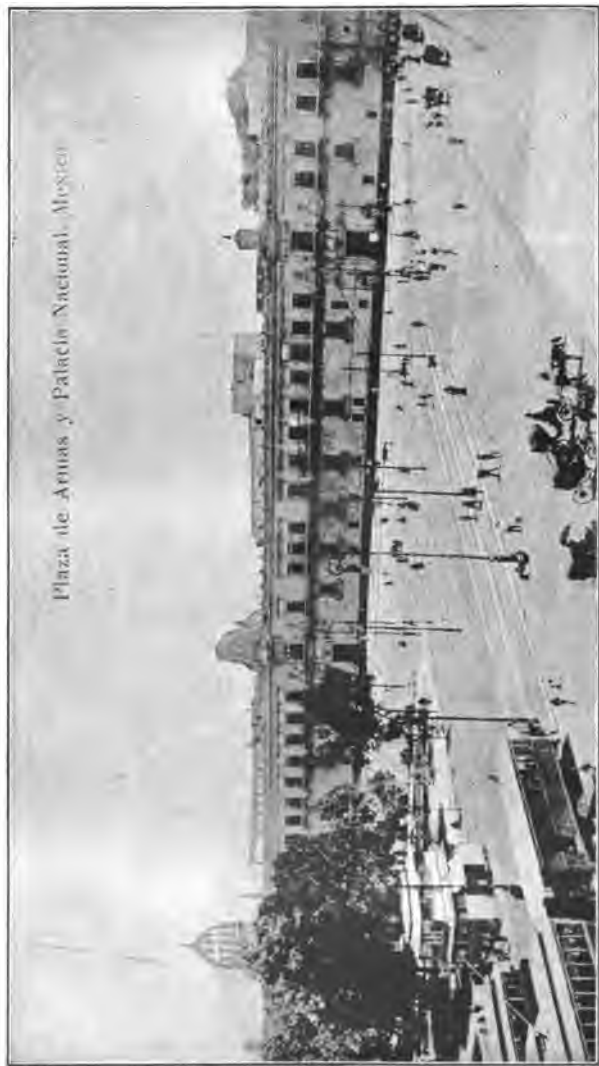
The flag is indeed a piece of bunting, but it is a piece of bunting that heralds forth and stands for the majesty and self-respect of the nation in whose name it flies; and it is impossible to lose your respect for and interest in the flag, without at the same time losing your respect for and interest in the nation.

When Huerta's Government insulted the United States flag at Tampico, it was an insult to every one of the hundred million American people. When his minions, disregarding the flag that flew above the launch at Tampico, laid hands on our paymaster and marines, and *paraded* them, under arrest, through the streets of the Mexican town,

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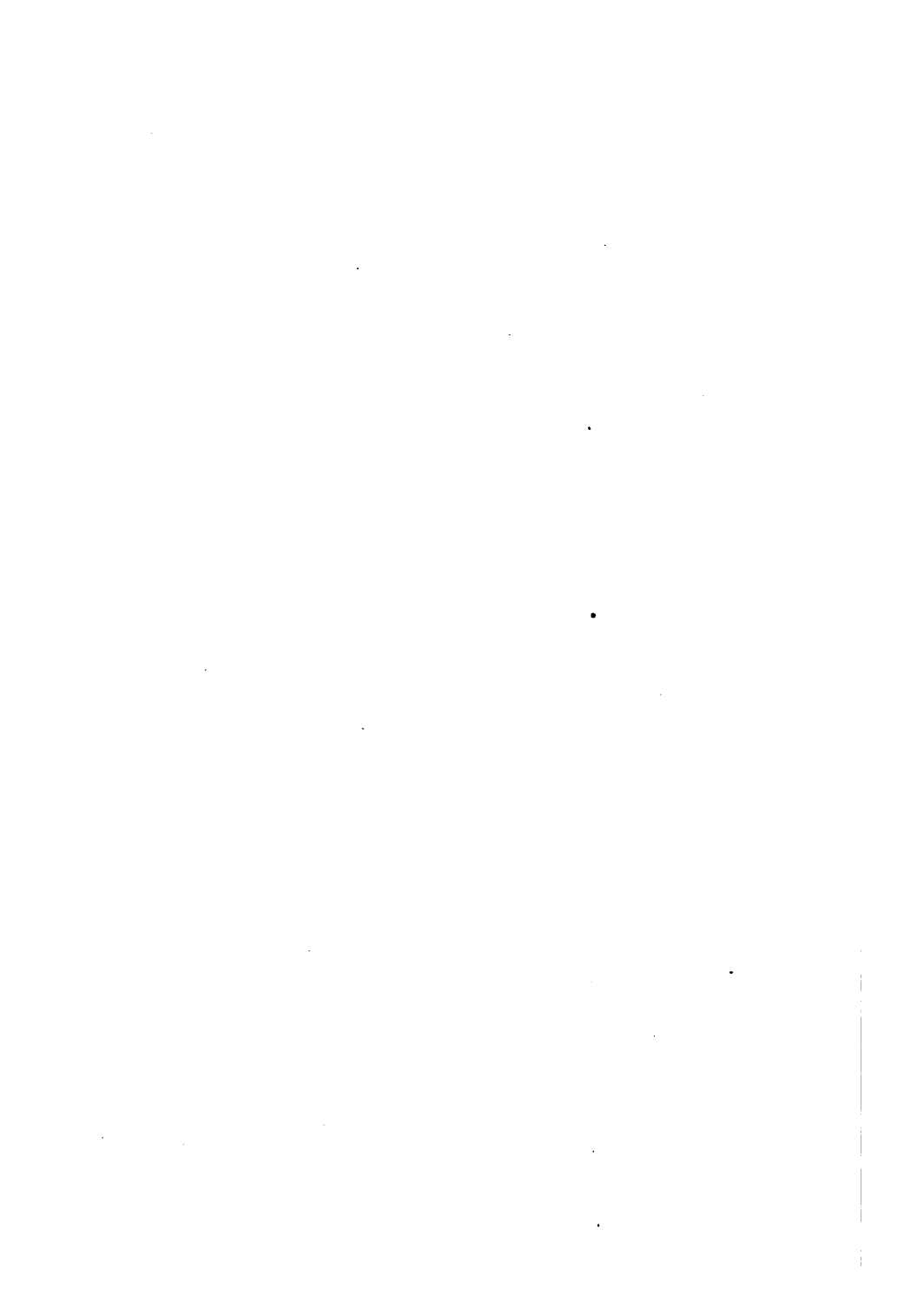
he committed the affront against our country that sent the flush of indignation to the face of every patriotic American. Nor was that flush the sign of criminal hate or barbaric anger: it was the token of the highest and holiest feeling that can thrill the heart of man—a protest against the humiliation of his country in the eyes of the world.

Of course, the United States Government, immediately upon being informed of the Tampico incident, demanded an apology in the shape of a salute to the flag that had been so wantonly and unjustifiably insulted. And what happened? Was the salute forthcoming? Did the guns of the Government that had insulted the flag sound forth the amende honorable? Not at all. Instead, the insult was only repeated by the impudent proposition from Huerta that he would “consent” to the giving of the salute demanded by our Government if the Government would either simultaneously or immediately thereafter return the honors by saluting the Mexican flag.



Plaza de Armas y Palacio Nacional, Mexico

NATIONAL PALACE PLAZA—MEXICO CITY



Our Mexican Conflicts

Did impudent audacity ever mount higher? In all the stories of all the nations is there to be found another case of such superlative insolence?

For days the insolent Mexican Dictator played with the Administration at Washington as the cat plays with the mouse. There was an infinitude of dilly-dallying, attended by no end of "watchful waiting," and then, when it was evident to all that the patience of the American people was about exhausted, away went the battleships, Vera Cruz was captured, at the expense of the lives of several of our Sailor boys, and the forces of the United States were at last fairly planted upon the soil of the nation that had so long tried us.

Following hard after the American occupation of Vera Cruz came the preparations for the mobilizing of the army. Recruiting began. General Funston was sent with a portion of the Regular Army to prepare for the march to Mexico City. The Red Cross was ready to embark for its work in the field.

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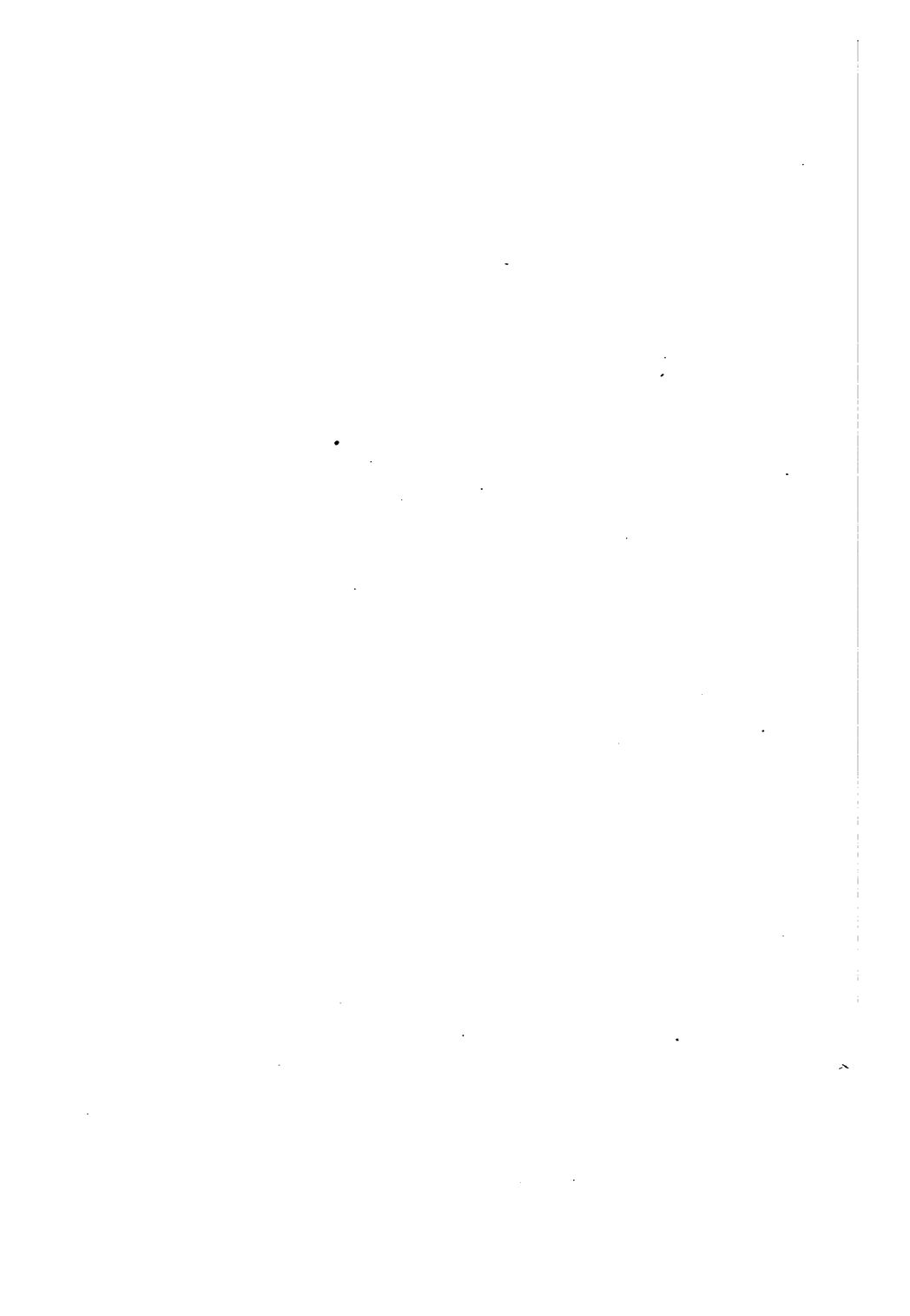
Everybody said: "At last the provocations of generations, the misrule, cruelty and wrong of three-quarters of a century are about to have their ending."

But the course of true justice, like that of true love, does not always run smooth, and the stream of events was suddenly turned out of its channel by a proposition from the "A. B. C." Company down in South America. Argentina, Brazil and Chili asked our President to let them try to settle the difficulty—and the President, accepting the A. B. C. suggestion, resumed the old attitude of "watchful waiting."

Waiting for what? To see if we cannot avoid going to war. Mr. Bryan, with the Dove of Peace on his shoulder and a glass of grape-juice by his side, dreaming covetously of the Nobel Prize, is trembling lest we should come to blows with Mexico, and Mr. Carnegie is so afraid that somebody may get hurt that he can only with the greatest difficulty contain himself.



VILLA REVIEWING HIS TROOPS FROM THE STEPS OF THE PALACE, CHIHUAHUA



Our Mexican Conflicts

But war, bad as it is, is not the worst thing in the world. All the world would be like Mexico to-day but for war. War has been the great civilizer and preserver of civilization. But for war we would be British subjects right now. But for war the oases of light and progress in the ancient world would have been swallowed up in the great ocean of barbarism. It was war, carried on by the legions of Rome, that civilized Europe, that supplanted ignorance and brute force by culture and humanity, and it was war again, waged by the Northern peoples, that swept Rome out of the way after she had become a pestiferous mass of corruption, thus saving civilization for the second time.

But for war it would not be possible for any man to think, speak, write or live, except in the way prescribed for him by tyrannical authority.

War, or no war, however, the judgment of history is that now that we are in Mexico it

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is our duty, to ourselves, to the Mexicans and to the rest of mankind, to stay there. If Mexico is ever to be raised from the "dead level to the living perpendicular," the lifting must be done by some other hand than her own. The most beautiful of the lands of the earth, it seems a pity and a shame that Mexico cannot be the abode of peace and plenty, of happiness and universal good-will, and this can be brought about by the United States, and by the United States only. There are one or two other nations that might do it, but the Monroe Doctrine, which we must maintain inviolate, stands in the way of their performing the task; and it falls to us to bring about the devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation.

Is the Mexican anarchy to be eternal? Must the beautiful land forever lie waste? Must the throat-cutting go on perpetually? Is there no balm in Gilead? Must the sun, for ages upon ages, keep on rising and setting upon ruins and death?



GENERAL WOOD



JOHN LIND



REAR ADMIRAL FLETCHER



Our Mexican Conflicts

Then the United States, now that her foot is planted upon the soil of the glorious but long grief-ridden land, must never remove it. There must not only be war—if it is necessary—but the war must be followed by a permanent American occupancy. It is the only wise and efficient way out of the difficulty.

What the Mexicans used to be they are to-day, and what they are to-day they will unquestionably be a hundred or a thousand years from now—if left to themselves.

If they are straightened out by the United States, and left again to their own initiative, the same old Mexicans will begin again the same old game of revolution and ruin. It is as certain as anything can be that such will be the case. Take away the pressure of the strong hand, and up will bob the old insurrections, the old carnivals of blood and death. The Americans away, and the specter of ruin will resume its appalling flight over the land, and in place of the happy laughter

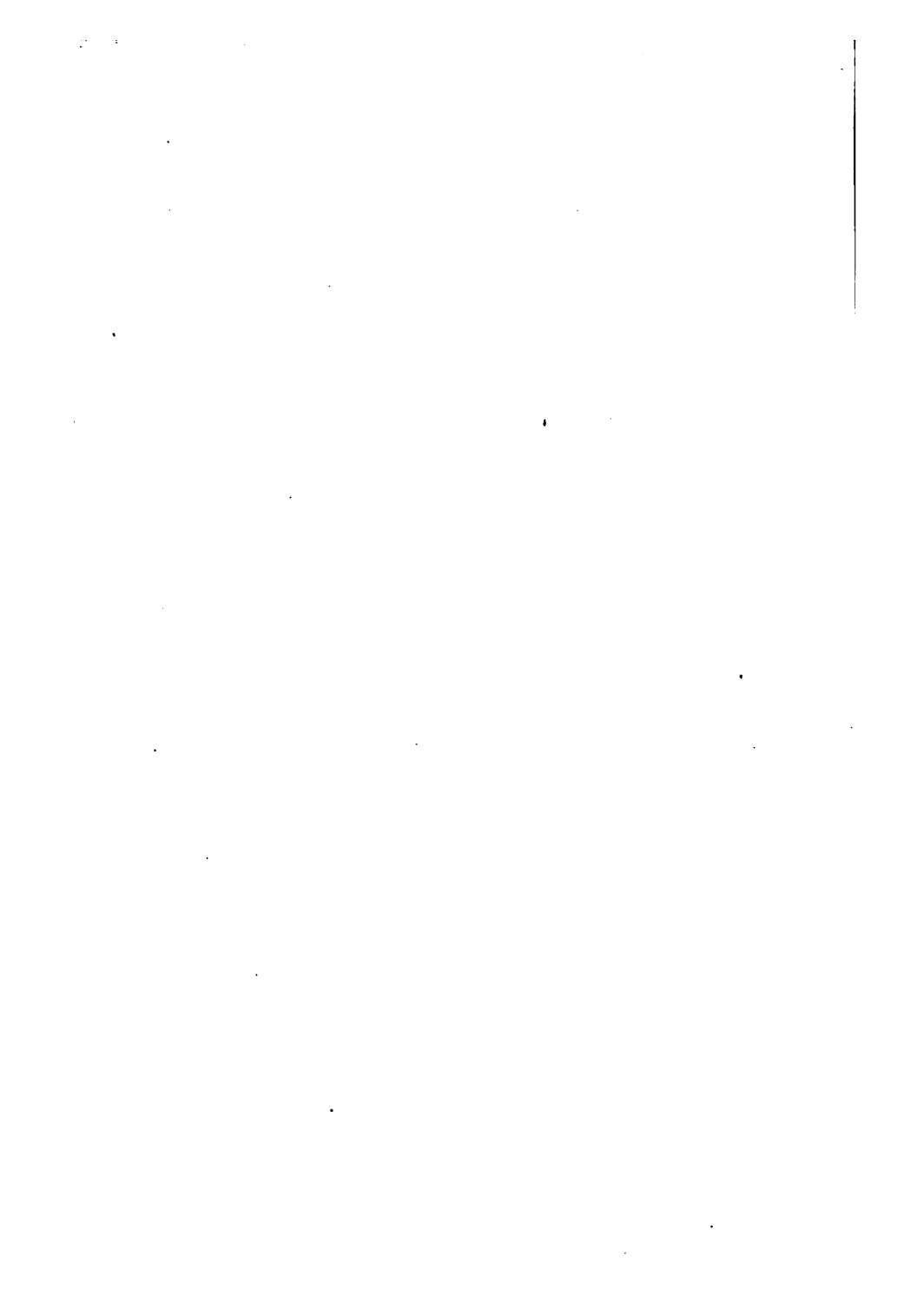
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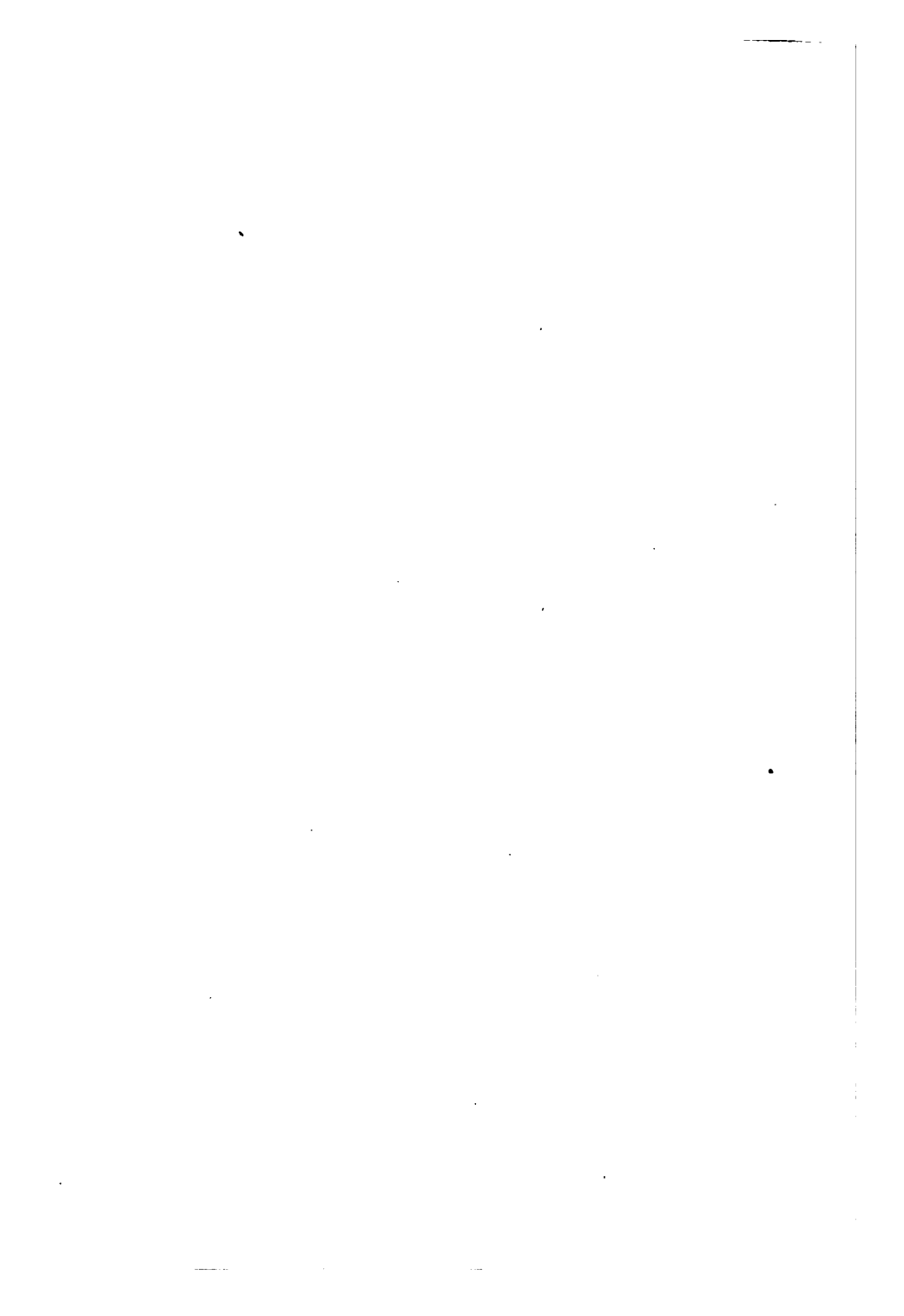
of little children, and the hum of contented industry, and the happiness of settled order, would be heard again the lamentations of those whom none will be able to comfort.

The flag is planted in Mexico, and there let it stay. To take it down would be the master crime of the Ages.



MAP OF PRESENT DAY MEXICO







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